



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

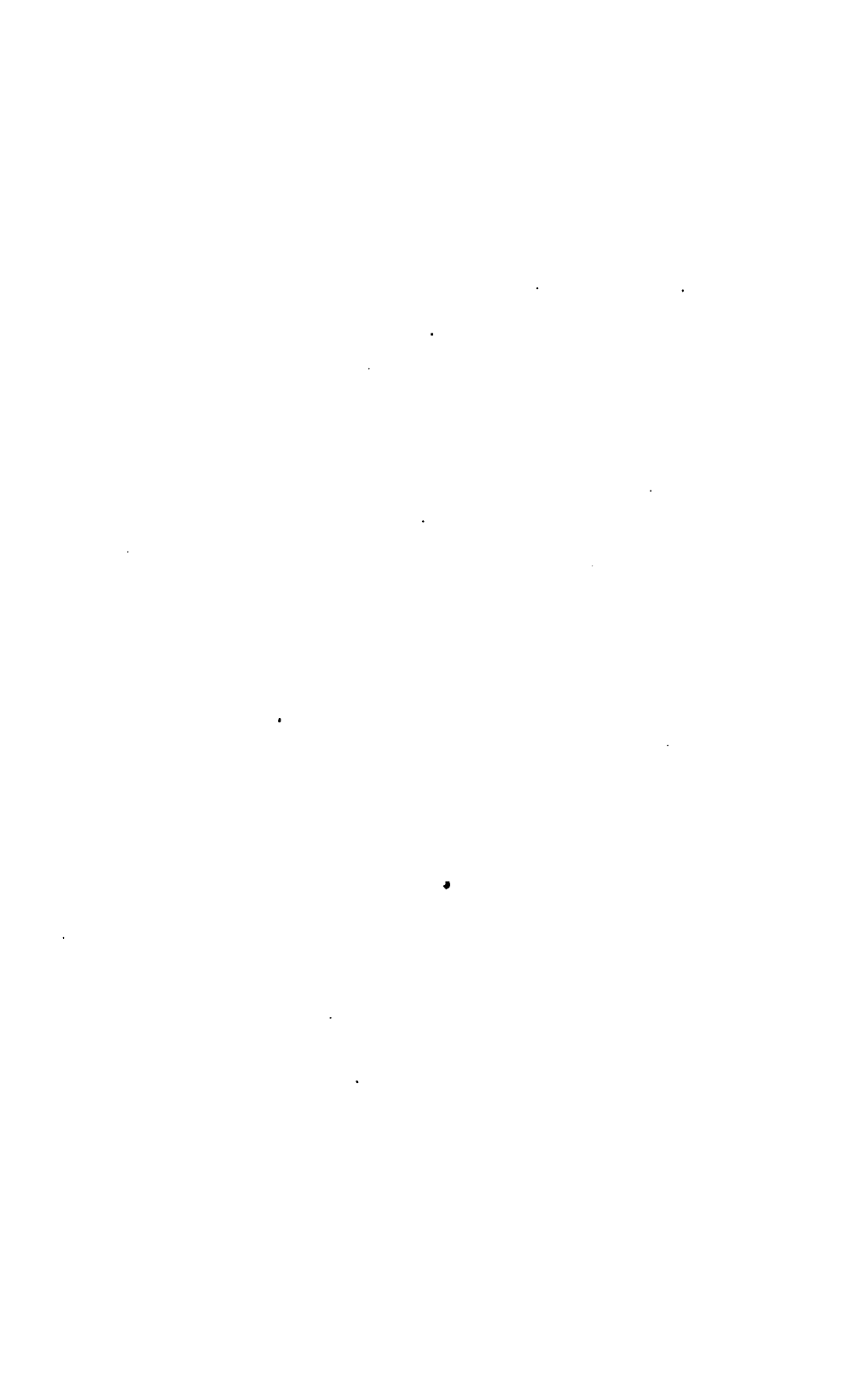
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

THE POOR LITTLE
RICH GIRL: *A Play*
HEANOR GATES ■ ■ ■



LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY



THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

BY ELEANOR GATES

Plays

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

WE ARE SEVEN (three acts)

"SWAT THE FLY!" (one act)

Novels

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A PRAIRIE GIRL

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLOW-WOMAN

CUPID, THE COW-PUNCH

THE JUSTICE OF GIDEON (short stories)



ELEANOR GATES

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

*A Play of Fact and Fancy
in Three Acts*

BY
ELEANOR GATES

*With a Reminiscence and a Foreword by
George Jean Nathan*



NEW YORK
THE ARROW PUBLISHING COMPANY
MCMXVI



ELEANOR GATES

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

*A Play of Fact and Fancy
in Three Acts*

BY
ELEANOR GATES

*With a Reminiscence and a Foreword by
George Jean Nathan*



NEW YORK
THE ARROW PUBLISHING COMPANY
MCMXVI

PS 3513
A8 3P6
1916

Copyright, 1916

By THE ARROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

*All rights reserved, including that of translation into foreign languages,
including the Scandinavian.*

*For information regarding stage presentation, or public reading, address
the publishers.*

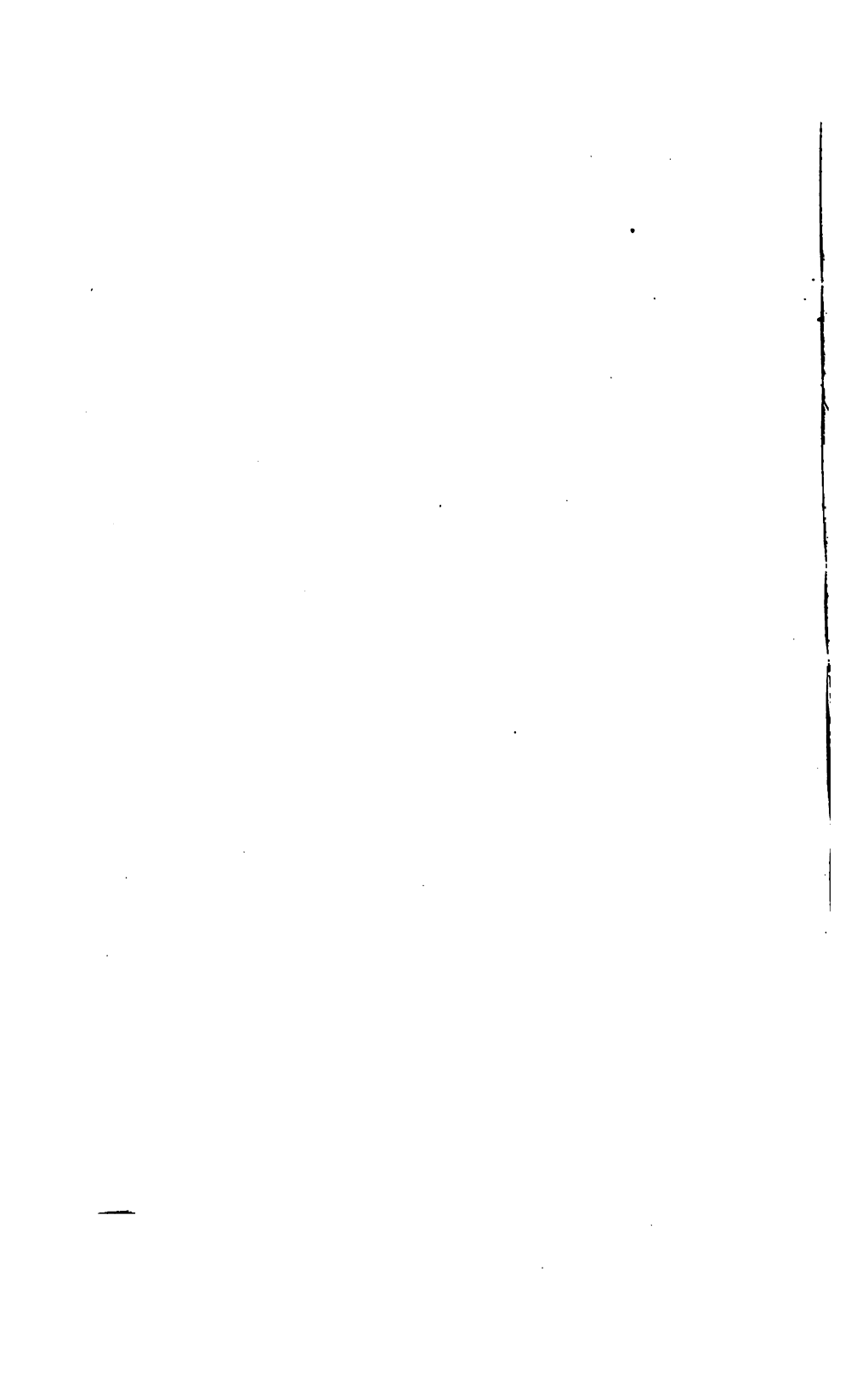
260920

Y8A881! 0807KAT2

VAIL-BALLOU COMPANY
BINGHAMTON AND NEW YORK

15

**DEDICATED
WITH MUCH AFFECTION TO
SOPHIA REED SPICKERS AND WILLIAM SPICKERS**



A REMINISCENCE AND A FOREWORD

Whatever otherwise the pretty virtues of our American drama, the quality of fanciful imagination is of the catalogue no (or at best, small) part. We have seen amongst us farce writers of light and facile finger; we have seen drama framers of intermittently rugged, if consistently yokel, philosophic vision. Yet, the writer of exploring phantasies, the writer of caprices that violate the neutrality of the sacrosanct Broadway commonplace, is but dimly silhouetted against the borning native sun.

Several years ago, losing my way in the ulterior reaches of darkening and rainy Philadelphia, I sought geographical counsel and a temporary shelter in the lobby of the old Walnut Street Theater. Along with the solicited charting (and the spectacle of quickening rains) I was prompted by the acute box-office gentleman to pass the storm within the playhouse. And it was therein, thus accidentally, that first I saw a trying-out and experimental exhibition of this play by a writer whose name, though known well to the periodical pages, was then still new to me and to the American theater of which, over years, I had been a recording spectator. And it was therein upon the platform, amid a phantasmagoria of bunchlights that wouldn't behave and scenery that inopportunately tottered and stagehands whose tangled feet were audible and spotlights that sizzled and flickered, that first

A REMINISCENCE AND A FOREWORD

I learned of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," by this Miss Eleanor Gates—the play that, once its prelude done with, was to present to the native audience a playful, meadow-larking imagination such as it had probably never till then—and has certainly not since then—felt in and from an American pen.

As against the not unhollow symbolic strut and gasconade of such over-paeaned pieces as let us for example say "The Blue Bird" of Maeterlinck, so simple and unaffected a bit of stage writing as this—of school dramatic intrinsically the same—cajoles the more honest heart and satisfies more plausibly and fully those of us whose thumbs are ever being pulled professionally for a native stage less smeared with the snobberies of empty, albeit high-sounding, nomenclatures from overseas. Miss Gates's play, the curtain upon which now goes up for you on the adjoining page, is at once a work of genuine fancy and sound art, and a work standing to the wholesome credit of the all too scantily filled ledger of imaginative American dramatic writing.

GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

February the eighth,

Nineteen hundred and sixteen.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

| <i>In Fact</i> | <i>In Fancy</i> |
|------------------------|---|
| DANCING MASTER | } Drake and Ducks |
| GERMAN TEACHER | |
| FRENCH TEACHER | |
| MUSIC TEACHER | |
| BUTLER (POTTER) | |
| GOVERNESS (Miss Royle) | The Snake in the Grass |
| NURSE (Jane) | The Two-Faced Thing |
| GWENDOLYN | The Poor Little Rich Girl |
| FIRST FOOTMAN (Thomas) | Big Ears |
| PLUMBER | The Piper |
| ORGAN-GRINDER | The Man Who Makes Faces |
| MOTHER | The Woman with the Bee in Her Bonnet |
| FATHER | The Man Who Is Made of Money |
| DOCTOR | The Man Who Rides Hob- bies |
| FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN .. | } They |
| SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN. | |
| THIRD SOCIETY WOMAN.. | |
| FIRST SOCIETY MAN..... | |
| SECOND SOCIETY MAN.... | |

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

In Fact

In Fancy

| | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------------|
| SECOND FOOTMAN | |
| BROKER | The Man Who Breaks Things |
| POLICEMAN | Heels over Head |
| PUFFY BEAR | A Live Bear |
| TOY SOLDIER | King's English |
| | The Little Bird Who Tells Things |

COSTUMES

THE DUCKS AND THE DRAKE should resemble those flat-billed, web-footed birds as closely as possible.

THE SNAKE IN THE GRASS should wear a closely fitting dress that trails, and that is of a greenish-brown material which glistens in the light. On her head, at either side, is a green jewel—to suggest a snake's eyes. In Act I the Governess, **MISS ROYLE**, should wear a bonnet in which there is such a jewel at either temple; and her dress may also remotely resemble the Snake costume.

THE TWO-FACED THING should wear, on the back of her head, a face that is made from a cast of her own. About this second face, her hair should be arranged precisely as it is about her real face.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL wears a gingham frock. Her hair is unbound; her feet are bare.

BIG EARS wears a huge pair of false ears over his own.

THE WOMAN WITH THE BEE IN HER BONNET wears a robe-like dress that resembles the handsome dressing-gown of **MOTHER**, in Act III. She carries a bonnet which is like her small hat in Act I.

THE MAN WHO IS MADE OF MONEY wears a suit that is covered with dollar-signs. The coat is the yellow of a twenty-dollar bill; the trousers are the green of paper-money.

COSTUMES

THE MAN WHO RIDES HOBBIES wears riding-clothes, and carries a crop upon which is painted the scale of a thermometer. The crop is transparent, and provided with a pocket flash-light at one end. When this light is turned on, the scale of the huge thermometer may be seen.

THEY wear long cloaks of smoke-gray. Their hair should be powdered the same shade. The men wear silk hats.

THE MAN WHO BREAKS THINGS wears a suit of armor, and a helmet with a visor. He carries a sledge-hammer.

THE KING'S ENGLISH wears a busby, a scarlet coat, and dark trousers down which is a scarlet stripe. Over his left shoulder is his bandoleer. On his right arm he carries **THE LITTLE BIRD**, which is a carrier-pigeon, life-size, completely feathered, and with a bill that opens and shuts when **THE KING'S ENGLISH** changes his own voice in order to impersonate the speech of **THE LITTLE BIRD**.

THE PIPER, THE MAN WHO MAKES FACES, and HEELS OVER HEAD are dressed exactly like **THE PLUMBER, THE ORGAN-GRINDER, and THE POLICEMAN**, respectively, of Act I.

A LIVE BEAR is **PUFFY BEAR** grown-up.

SCENES

BITTER FACT

Act I.—Reception Hall of Gwendolyn's Home.

DEAREST FANCY

Act II.—Scene 1—The Tell-Tale Forest.

(Where There Is No Duplicity)

Scene 2—The Land of the Lights.

(Where Candles Burn at Both
Ends)

Scene 3—Robin Hood's Barn.

(Where They Go 'Round)

DEAREST FACT

Act III.—Gwendolyn's Nursery.

Epilogue Tableau: The Road to Johnnie Blake's.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

ACT I

THE RECEPTION HALL OF GWENDOLYN'S HOME

The high room shows a lavish outlay of money in its decoration, but every evidence of good taste. At the back is a wide arch hung with curtains down which runs an ornate, leaf-like pattern. Through the arch may be seen a part of the vestibule, with a playing fountain. About the fountain, and set in boxes of carved marble, are brilliantly flowered plants. At one side, between the fountain and the arch, stands a suit of armor.

To the left of the wide arch is a great window, the sashes of which open outward. Its curtains are like those which adorn the arch, and its window-seat has a velvet cushion furnished with pillows. This window looks upon the Drive, and through it may be seen the tops of trees, a bit of the River, and, farther still, a rocky precipice crowned by woods.

To the left of the window is an automatic elevator. The grille of its door is hung with silk, and through grille and silk the movements of the car may be followed.

Beside the elevator, a curtained arch-way leads to the dining-room. A glimpse is afforded of the service-corner, with its handsome screen partly concealing

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

both a sideboard and the swinging door of the butler's pantry. In front of the dining-room entrance is a small table and a deep couch.

To the right of the wide arch at the back of the room is the fireplace. At either side of its hearth is set a large, carved chair. The mantel of the fireplace holds candelabra, and a clock. Above these, placed in a finely wrought frame, is a richly emblazoned coat-of-arms bearing a motto.

A broad staircase is on the right of the fireplace. It descends from a landing which is concealed by velvet curtains, and ends in newel posts that are exactly the height of GWENDOLYN.

Beside the staircase is the curtained doorway of the music-room.

The hall is lighted by silk-shaded brackets. It is carpeted by several rugs.

Before the curtain rises, a piano is heard, playing a lively tune; and the counting of the DANCING MASTER keeps time to the music.

THE DANCING MASTER

One, two, three, point! One, two, three, point!

[The curtain rises. The FRENCH TEACHER is seated beside a newel post. Before her, dancing, are the DANCING MASTER and the GERMAN TEACHER.]

No, no, Fräulein!

[He corrects her step.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Ach, du liebe Zeit! I nefer learn!

[She sinks upon the couch. The music stops.]

THE DANCING MASTER

Do not be discouraged! I am a Master of Dancing
—an artist. I could teach an elephant to dance!

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[Laughing.]

Oh! An elephant!

THE DANCING MASTER

[Calling into the music-room.]

Miss Brown! Please!

[He holds out a hand to the FRENCH TEACHER, who springs up and joins him.]

THE MUSIC TEACHER

[Answering from the music-room.]

Yes!

[The music begins again. The DANCING MASTER and the FRENCH TEACHER dance down.]

THE DANCING MASTER

One, two, three, point! One, two, three, point!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Ach, if I could only do it so!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DANCING MASTER

You say that, but you make no attempt!

[He turns the FRENCH TEACHER, and they dance toward the vestibule. The music stops once more—in the middle of a bar. The DANCING MASTER and the FRENCH TEACHER halt, startled, and look toward the music-room, from which the MUSIC TEACHER comes hastily. She is of the extremely assertive type. She makes a warning gesture.]

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Sh! Potter!

[She halts at a newel post, while the FRENCH TEACHER seats herself hurriedly on the couch. All wait, assuming stiff poses. POTTER enters from the music-room. He is a spare, elderly man, with the formal manner of a butler. He is, however, coatless, and has a square, white apron tied about him. His cuffs are off. He is carrying flowers. He halts.]

POTTER

[Coldly.]

And where, may I ask, is Miss Gwendolyn?

THE FRENCH TEACHER

Oui! Where ees Mees Gwendolyn!

[She shrugs.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE MUSIC TEACHER

We've *all* been waiting.

POTTER

But the music—just now?

[They attempt to look innocent.]

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[Rising and going to him.]

Pot-tair! I wait one hour. Mees Gwendolyn do not come for ze French lesson.

[Coyly.]

Ees it harm for a leetle—er—entertainment?

[Takes a flower from the armful he is carrying.]

POTTER

[Severely.]

Here? What an unheard-of proceeding!

[He crosses the room to the table; and so soon as his back is presented to the others, they lean to whisper, and exchange gestures of resentment. He halts and turns. At once, all resume their stiff poses.]

THE MUSIC TEACHER

But the child's nurse hasn't called any of us yet. I've been waiting one hour and a *half*!

THE DANCING MASTER

And I, *two* hours!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Me, too!

POTTER

You will all remain, however, until the Governess dismisses you.

[He goes into the dining-room, stopping at the sideboard.]

THE MUSIC TEACHER

[Speaking low.]

The old spy!

[The DANCING MASTER, the MUSIC TEACHER and the FRENCH TEACHER seat themselves dejectedly. The governess enters from the vestibule. She is about forty, and graying; tall and slender. She affects a sinuous walk. She is carrying two or three packages.]

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[Rising.]

Ah, Mees Royle!

[The others rise with a show of pleasure, and gather about the Governess.]

THE OTHER TEACHERS

Miss Royle! Splendid! So glad!

MISS ROYLE

[Smiling, as she rustles down.]

Ah, Professor! And, ladies!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*Halts; sobers, and shows a trace of embarrassment.*]

Why,—why, didn't Jane tell you?

THE TEACHERS

Tell us? What? Ja, vat?

MISS ROYLE

This is Gwendolyn's birthday.

THE TEACHERS

Oh! Birthday! That's it!

MISS ROYLE

So, of course, I couldn't ask her to have lessons.
And—and—

THE MUSIC TEACHER

[*Crossly.*]

And we weren't notified.

MISS ROYLE

No. Well, I—I fully intended to. But—er—I thought you'd prefer to come and not lose your—er—

[*There is a general murmur of understanding, and nods.*]

I'll see to that. And, besides, I'd like to have you all stay to tea.

THE TEACHERS

Tea! Oh, Miss Royle! Could you?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

I'm fairly famished myself, and utterly tired out with shopping.

[The DANCING MASTER takes her wrap.]

So kind of you, Professor!

[The FRENCH, GERMAN, and MUSIC TEACHERS take the packages.]

THE DANCING MASTER

[Proffering a chair.]

Miss Royle.

MISS ROYLE

[Seating herself, and smiling on the others.]

Well, I flatter myself that, as Gwendolyn's governess, I have selected a most competent and obliging staff of teachers!

[There is a second murmur of appreciation. The DANCING MASTER bows. The descending light of the elevator is seen; a hand pushes the sliding door aside, and JANE, the nurse, appears. She is large and angular, with red hair. She is panting with anger.]

JANE

So there you are! A fine governess you are! How long have you been back?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

[With great dignity.]

Jane, are you addressing me?

JANE

Who do you think I'm talkin' to?—the gent in the tin clothes?

[She gestures toward the suit of armor.]

MISS ROYLE

Jane! How dare you!

JANE

Well, you've had me cooped up with that terrible kid all afternoon. It was neuralgia you had when you wanted to go down town.

MISS ROYLE

[Pathetically; with a hand to one cheek.]

My neuralgia has been worse to-day.

JANE

Yes, it's always worse—on bargain days!

THE TEACHERS

Oh! How terrible! St! St!

[The FRENCH and the GERMAN TEACHERS sink to the couch.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

Impudence! That will do, Jane. I shall report you to Madam.

JANE

[Advancing upon MISS ROYLE.]

Go ahead, report! And I'll tell Madam somethin' myself!

[Desperately, as she comes down to stand by the table.]

I declare I can't make that young one out to-day! Usually she don't want to see a blessed one of you—

[The TEACHERS assent.]

—but *now* she's demandin' to come down and see the lot of you together!

[The TEACHERS stare at one another in surprise.]

Now what do you suppose she wants?

MISS ROYLE

Oh, well, we all know Gwendolyn.

[The TEACHERS assent.]

JANE

[Wisely.]

O-o-oh, it ain't the old tricks *this* time! “Jane,” she says to me, “everything’s goin’ to be, oh, so different, after to-day.”

[The TEACHERS stare at one another in alarmed inquiry. JANE turns angrily upon MISS ROYLE.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

And it's all your fault, too. What did you go and tell her it's her birthday for?

MISS ROYLE

I thought it best. Suppose her mother—

JANE

The Madam won't even remember, especially with a dinner on to-night.

[Belligerently, as she stalks to the elevator and turns.]

Well? Are you comin' up?

MISS ROYLE

Why, Jane, we're to have tea, and I'm sure you wouldn't—er—

JANE

Tea! And me workin' like a dog upstairs!

MISS ROYLE

Why work? Why not take a ride in the motor? I am sure Gwen darling would enjoy it.

[Ingratiatingly.]

And you may take Thomas with you.

JANE

[Suddenly mollified, and brightening.]

Oh! Thomas!—Well, I suppose a ride *would* be good for little Gwennie.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[She goes into the elevator and closes the door. The cage ascends. POTTER appears at the sideboard in the dining-room.]

MISS ROYLE

Ah, there you are, Potter!

POTTER

[Entering, and coming to the table.]

Eh?

MISS ROYLE

[With assumed dignity.]

You may serve tea.

POTTER

Tea!

[Stares about the room.]

Here?

MISS ROYLE

Here.

[POTTER is dumb with amazement.]

Madam won't be back for an hour.

POTTER

[With polite firmness.]

I beg to remind you that there is a schoolroom upstairs.

[He goes into the dining-room.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DANCING MASTER

Outrageous, Miss Royle!

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Impertinence!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Himmel!

THE FRENCH TEACHER

Mees Royle!

MISS ROYLE

I wouldn't have such a butler in *my* house!

[*To the MUSIC TEACHER.*]

And as for Jane— Well, I flatter myself that I never lose the composure of a lady.

THE MUSIC TEACHER

I think you handled her extremely well, Miss Royle.

MISS ROYLE

[*On the verge of tears.*]

But it hurts to stand insults from such an ignorant, two-faced thing!

[*Proudly.*]

In my own home, the butler was a perfect slave to me. I had two personal maids—until my father—my father—

[*She covers her eyes with her handkerchief.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DANCING MASTER

Ah! You lost your father!

MISS ROYLE

[With asperity; dabbing at her tears.]

No! He lost his money.

THE DANCING MASTER

Oh!

MISS ROYLE

It's a terrible thing for a lady to come down to the position of a dependent! Oh, isn't that the way with life! Here we are—we work unceasingly; our pleasures are few. What do we have? Nothing! While for one child, because she happens to be born to it, all this luxury—

[Makes a sweeping gesture.]

—everything her heart can desire. And she isn't even grateful!

THE MUSIC TEACHER

It must be trying to have that troublesome youngster constantly. The questions she asks! What do you suppose it was yesterday?

[Mimicking GWENDOLYN.]

“Miss Brown, what is the meaning of absquatulate?”

[The OTHER TEACHERS and MISS ROYLE laugh.]

What she needs is a good, old-fashioned spanking!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DANCING MASTER

[*Crossing to the MUSIC TEACHER.*]

Well, what *is* the meaning of absquatulate?

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Ah—um—I think he's addressing you, Miss Royle.

MISS ROYLE

[*Taken aback.*]

Oh! Ahem!

[*Shaking a finger at the DANCING MASTER, and simpering.*]

Professor, I shall answer you just as I do Gwendolyn.

[*The light of the elevator descends.*]

Use your Dictionary!

[*There is laughter and applause. In the midst of the gaiety, the elevator door opens, and GWENDOLYN comes slowly out. She wears a daintily embroidered frock, and slippers. She is followed by JANE, who is dressed for a drive, and carries GWENDOLYN's hat, coat, and hand-bag. THOMAS follows, in the livery of a footman. He has a large Teddy bear under one arm.*]

Gwendolyn, dear!

[*MISS ROYLE springs up.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*To the TEACHERS, who have also risen.*]

I'm glad you're not gone. I wanted to see you all.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE TEACHERS

Darling! How sweet of you! Gwennie!

GWENDOLYN

I wanted to see you because—because maybe I couldn't ever again.

THE TEACHERS

What? Eh?

[They stare at one another.]

MISS ROYLE

[With some concern.]

I don't understand you, darling.

GWENDOLYN

Well, you know, this is my birthday. So I'm going to ask father and mother to let me go to day-school.

THE TEACHERS

[In consternation.]

What? Day school? Himmel! Mon Dieu!

[JANE puts a hand to her mouth to conceal a smile.]

MISS ROYLE

What are you talking about, you ridiculous child! Day-school, indeed!

[Seating herself.]

Haven't your dear father and mother provided you with your own school-room?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

I don't want my own school-room. It's too lonesome.

MISS ROYLE

And what about these dear, kind friends?

[Indicates the TEACHERS.]

Don't you want *them* to come here any more?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I've been such a bother to them. They'll all be *glad* when I go to day school.

MISS ROYLE

[Sneeringly.]

Day-school! Where did you get that common idea?

THE TEACHERS

Humph! Bourgeois! Common!

[The FRENCH TEACHER and the GERMAN TEACHER again seat themselves on the couch.]

GWENDOLYN

[Bravely.]

Day-school is where grown-up girls and boys go.

JANE

You hear? Grown-up! That's what she's been givin' *me*.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*Happily.*]

I *am* grown-up to-day.

MISS ROYLE

[*Brightly.*]

Oh, I see! One of her pretend-games. Very well, Gwennie; you're grown-up. Now, what shall *we* pretend?

GWENDOLYN

It *isn't* a pretend-game. It's really and truly!

MISS ROYLE

[*Rising, and going to* GWENDOLYN.]

You're going to ask your father and mother to discharge your dear, kind teachers?

[*She takes* GWENDOLYN *roughly by the arm.*]

Now, young lady! I've had quite enough of this nonsense! Grown-up, indeed!

GWENDOLYN

[*Stoutly.*]

Well, Johnnie Blake was grown-up, and to-day I'm just as old as he was.

MISS ROYLE

A-a-ah! Johnnie Blake! So *that's* it!

THE DANCING MASTER

And who is Master Blake?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

A dirty, ragged little boy she met when she went to the country. She's been prattling about him ever since. Johnnie Blake! Johnnie Blake! Johnnie Blake!

GWENDOLYN

I'm a whole year older than I was yesterday. Isn't it so, Jane?

JANE

Yes, but how much bigger?

GWENDOLYN

[*Disconcerted.*]

Huh?

JANE

How much *bigger*?

GWENDOLYN

[*Her confidence coming back.*]

Oh, a lot!

[JANE *whispers to* THOMAS.]

MISS ROYLE

You stupid girl! Do you think a person grows up in a single night?

JANE

[*Significantly.*]

Miss Royle, you ain't forgot, have you, Miss Gwen-

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

dolyn had me measure her yesterday—right over there, on the post?

[Points to the newel-post.]

MISS ROYLE

Thank you, Jane. Well, Miss, since you're so certain that you're grown-up to-day, just step over and measure again.

GWENDOLYN

I—I—don't want to.

MISS ROYLE

[To the TEACHERS.]

There! You see? She's afraid!

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Well, I'll take this nonsense out of your head!

[To the MUSIC TEACHER.]

Your roll, please.

[Taking the music-roll, she crosses to the newel-post.]

Where is the mark, Jane?

[GWENDOLYN retreats a little toward the dining-room.]

JANE

[Pointing.]

Top of the post.

MISS ROYLE

[Placing the music-roll on the post.]

Come, Gwendolyn!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[GWENDOLYN looks at her governess fearfully for a moment, then starts toward her, walking on her toes.]

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[Pointing.]

She walks on her toes!

[GWENDOLYN lowers herself, with an accusing look at the FRENCH TEACHER. She goes to stand under the music-roll; then rises slightly to her toes again. MISS ROYLE grasps her roughly by a shoulder, pushes her down to her heels, and lowers the roll until it rests upon GWENDOLYN's head.]

MISS ROYLE

Come out!

[She pulls GWENDOLYN away from the post. GWENDOLYN goes, looking back over a shoulder anxiously.]

You see! Not a hair's difference!

GWENDOLYN

[Returns to look again; satisfies herself that ROYLE speaks the truth; then bursts out vehemently.]

But I am grown-up! I am! And—

[With determination.]

—I'm not going to have teachers any more.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*Turning to* MISS ROYLE.]

No, nor a governess!

MISS ROYLE

[*Ironically.*]

Oh! So I'm to go, too?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Miss Royle, it's nothing against you, or my teachers. It's only—oh, I want to be in a big playground—with lots of girls and boys, running and playing and shouting, and— Oh! I've seen them as we drove by, and they seemed so happy! While here—I—I—know you all do the best you can for me, but I—I—

[*POTTER appears at the sideboard in the dining-room.*]

Oh, Potter!

POTTER

[*He enters.*]

Yes, little dear?

GWENDOLYN

Potter! *You'll* believe me! *You'll* see I'm grown-up!

POTTER

[*Surprised.*]

Grown-up! Bless your dear little heart, a young miss don't grow up till she's eighteen.

[*GWENDOLYN looks at him sorrowfully,*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

keeping back her tears. He pats her hair, and returns to the dining-room.]

MISS ROYLE

[To the TEACHERS.]

And now I'll excuse you all for the afternoon. You may come to-morrow at your usual time.

THE MUSIC TEACHER

[Whispering.]

Is it all right, Miss Royle?

MISS ROYLE

[With a wise nod.]

Leave a certain person to me.

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Good afternoon, Gwennie dear.

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[To GWENDOLYN, plaintively.]

And she sink, please, so kind of her Mademoiselle!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Auf wiedersehen!

THE DANCING MASTER

I wish you many happy returns of the day, my dear.

[He pats GWENDOLYN on the head. The TEACHERS go, whispering among themselves.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

Gwendolyn love.

[She drops on one knee, and takes GWENDOLYN's hand.]

Listen, pet. Your teachers didn't know it was your birthday, and they were here a long, long time. And they got very tired. So Miss Royle had them wait down here instead of up in the stuffy nursery.

[More confidential.]

But we are not going to say anything about it, are we?

GWENDOLYN

[With no interest.]

No.

MISS ROYLE

That's right, Gwennie,—because—it might worry mother!

GWENDOLYN

[Suddenly concerned.]

Oh! Mother!

[She crosses to the hearth.]

MISS ROYLE

[Rising.]

Oh, Jane!

JANE

Well?

[She comes to the Governess.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

A certain party should not get to headquarters with these new—er— *You* understand?

JANE

But what do *I* git out of it?

MISS ROYLE

You may have this evening off,—yes-s-s.

*[Nods, smiling, and enters the elevator.
The light of the car does not go up.]*

THOMAS

*[Speaking with a strong Cockney accent;
he comes to JANE.]*

She's an old snake-in-the-grass.

GWENDOLYN

*[Who is seated in one of the carved
chairs.]*

Thomas! *Why* do you always call Miss Royle a snake-in-the-grass?

JANE

[Going to GWENDOLYN.]

That's somethin' you can't understand. Now, Gwennie, we're goin' out. It ain't good for a little girl to stay inside all day, and miss the nice, fresh air.

[She holds out GWENDOLYN's coat.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Rising joyously.]

Oh—I *want* to go out!

[She thrusts one arm into a sleeve.]

JANE

Thomas, you can order the limousine.

THOMAS

[Jerking his head toward the vestibule.]

Hit's waitin'.

GWENDOLYN

[Taking her arm out of the coat-sleeve.]

Oh, I don't want the car. I want to walk.

JANE

[Disdainfully.]

Walk?

GWENDOLYN

[Smiling.]

Yes, Jane. I'll tell you! We'll go out, and down across the grass to the bridle-path. The dirt's loose there, and I can scuff it with my shoes.

JANE

Yes! And poor Jane can wear herself out cleanin'!

GWENDOLYN

No, Jane! I'll do it myself. Why, up at Johnnie Blake's, I—

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

No, you won't! It was downright shameful the way you muddled your clothes that week you was up country; and raced out in the thunderstorms!

GWENDOLYN

Who told you I did that?

JANE

A little bird.

GWENDOLYN

What *kind* of a little bird?

JANE

Never you mind. We'll ride.

GWENDOLYN

But, Jane, I could just kick up the leaves, and throw 'em. Why, I haven't walked for a whole week!

JANE

You can lean back in the car, darlin', and pretend you're a grand little queen.

GWENDOLYN

I don't want to pretend queen. I want to walk.

JANE

Rich little girls don't hike along the streets like common little girls.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

I don't want to be a rich little girl. I want to walk.
[*She crosses to the couch.*]

JANE

[*Following her.*]

Now, be still! You'll go in the machine if you go at all. Do you think I'm going to tramp over the hard pavement on my poor tired feet, just because *you* take a notion?

[*Coolly.*]

Tell the chauffeur we're ready, Thomas.

[*THOMAS goes toward the vestibule.*]

GWENDOLYN

But I don't want to be shut up in the car on my birthday. And I won't! I hate the car! I hate riding! I hate the chauffeur!

JANE

Oh!

GWENDOLYN

And I hate you! And I won't ride! I won't! I won't!

[*Sobbing, she hides her face in her arms. There is a moment of tense silence. THOMAS comes back, exchanging a look with JANE.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

[*Quietly, with a pretence of submission.*]

All right! All right! Walk. But don't blame Jane if—

[*Dropping her voice in fear.*]

—before you git to the corner somebody *steals* you!

GWENDOLYN

[*Looking up.*]

Steals me?

JANE

Yes, steals you.

GWENDOLYN

But *other* little girls walk all the time.

JANE

[*Purses her mouth, folds her arms, and speaks in a funereal voice.*]

Well, Thomas, I guess, after all, I'll have to tell her.

THOMAS

She *forces* y' to.

[GWENDOLYN *looks from one to the other.*]

JANE

It's true. Nobody steals poor little girls and boys. But it's different when a young lady's papa is made of money.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

So much money, hit fairly makes me palm itch!

[*Rubs one open hand against a corner of the couch.*]

GWENDOLYN

But my father *isn't* made of money. I've seen his sleeves rolled up, and his arms are strong, like Jane's.

[THOMAS *giggles.*]

JANE

[*Making scared eyes.*]

What's that got to do with the wicked men that keep watch of this house?

GWENDOLYN

Wicked—men?

JANE

[*Triumphantly.*]

'Aha! Now, just let me ask you *another* question: Why are there bars on our basement windows?

[GWENDOLYN's *lips part to reply, but no words come.*]

Kidnappers!

THOMAS

With knives!

JANE

Big curved knives, and they grab rich little girls and boys, and carry 'em off, and they never, never see their father and mother again.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

[She rises, staring before her in fear.]

Then—I won't go out at all.

THOMAS

[To JANE.]

Now, you've done hit!

[Strides away in disgust.]

JANE

[Exasperated.]

But there ain't no danger if you go out in the car.—
Now, see here! I ain't goin' to stand quarrellin' with
you all day. You'll go with Thomas and me, or I'll
call the policeman.

[GWENDOLYN starts in fresh alarm.]

THOMAS

[Returning.]

Do you want 'im to come with 'is club?

[GWENDOLYN shrinks from him.]

JANE

All shiny with blood!

GWENDOLYN

But—but, Jane! *You* stand and talk to him every
night.

JANE

What's that?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

[Jealously.]

Ho, ho! She does? H'm! She does, now!

[He crosses to the fireplace.]

JANE

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Hold your tongue!

[Puzzled at the command, GWENDOLYN touches the tip of her tongue with a finger. JANE follows THOMAS.]

Oh, now, Thomas, don't be misunderstandin'—

THOMAS

[Coldly.]

Miss Jane, if you're ready—

[He goes to wait in the vestibule.]

JANE

[Transferring her anger to GWENDOLYN.]

You put on this coat.

[She pulls GWENDOLYN to her roughly.]

GWENDOLYN

[Allowing the coat to be put on.]

But, Jane, let's drive down to father's office, and bring him home.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

[Suddenly suspicious.]

Father's office?

[She looks at THOMAS, who turns his head away indifferently.]

Dearie, I'm sorry, but I couldn't allow you to go to your papa's office.

[Shakes her head solemnly.]

It's full of bears.

GWENDOLYN

[Frightened.]

Bears! Live bears?

JANE

[Nodding.]

They'd eat you up!—Now, on goes the pretty hat.

[GWENDOLYN puts on her hat, then covers her eyes with both hands.]

Tut, tut! Little ladies don't cry!

[GWENDOLYN controls her weeping, puts a hand in JANE's, and they go toward the vestibule.]

THOMAS

Miss Jane!

[He waves them to pass, and GWENDOLYN goes out.]

JANE

[Coyly, as she stops.]

Now, Thomas dear!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

Thankin' you very kindly for your hinvitation to ride
hinside the car—but Hi'll stay hout!

JANE

Thomas! You ain't mad?

THOMAS

[*Stiffly.*]

Hout!

[*He follows GWENDOLYN.*]

JANE

[*Coaxingly.*]

Ah, now, Thomas!

[*She follows him.*]

You know how much I care about that policeman!

[*POTTER looks in from the dining-room and, seeing the room empty, enters quickly, and calls back over his shoulder.*]

POTTER

Come through here.

[*A PLUMBER enters, in overalls, with a kit of tools and a length of pipe that is bent over one shoulder. He wears a greasy cap. There is a blast from the horn of the limousine, and POTTER goes to the window and looks out.*]

Bless her little heart! Bye-bye!

[*The horn sounds again.*]

Bye-bye!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

[*Roughly; talking out of one side of his mouth.*]

Well, where's yer broken pipe?

[*POTTER waves from the window.*]

Say, you! I'm on over-time, y' know. Git busy.

POTTER

[*Going to the elevator.*]

It's on the second floor.

[*As POTTER opens the elevator, Miss ROYLE is discovered in the attitude of listening.*]

MISS ROYLE

[*Flustered.*]

Oh, I was just going up. I—I mean I was just coming down.

[*She leaves the elevator, but stops on seeing the PLUMBER. To POTTER.*]

Is there anything the matter?

POTTER

Of all nights to have a pipe break! A wet spot showing on the dining-room ceiling!

MISS ROYLE

And Madam giving a dinner!

[*She goes to look into the dining-room.*]

THE PLUMBER

Well, do I see that pipe?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

POTTER

Step into the elevator.

THE PLUMBER

Come on, sleuth! Keep yer lamps on me. I might be one of them second-story crooks. Haw! Haw! Haw!

[He slaps POTTER on the back familiarly, and enters the elevator. POTTER exchanges a look with MISS ROYLE; then follows the PLUMBER, and closes the elevator door. The light goes up.]

MOTHER

[Speaking from the vestibule.]

No, I shan't need the car again to-night.

THE SECOND FOOTMAN

Very well, Madam.

[MOTHER enters, followed by the SECOND FOOTMAN, who is carrying two packages, a large and a small. The FOOTMAN places the packages on the table, and exits into the vestibule.]

MOTHER

Ah, Miss Royle!

MISS ROYLE

[Hastening forward.]

Let me take your coat, Madam.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Thank you, Miss Royle.—Is Potter in the dining-room?

MISS ROYLE

No; he's upstairs, Madam.

MOTHER

[Indicates the packages.]

These are for him. Favors.

MISS ROYLE

Yes-s-s.

[Picks up both packages and goes toward the dining-room.]

MOTHER

No, not the large one. That is for Gwendolyn.

MISS ROYLE

[Halting.]

Of course!

[Returns to place the large package on the table.]

MOTHER

A birthday present.

MISS ROYLE

[Simpers.]

You are always so thoughtful!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

How has she been to-day?

MISS ROYLE

[Gushingly, as she unwraps the favors.]

Oh, she's had a perfectly wonderful day, the little angel! Played with her nurse until afternoon; then she came downstairs to me. I didn't ask her to have lessons, but all her dear teachers came to bring her greetings. It was most touching. Then she wanted to go for a nice happy ride. So—

MOTHER

I'm glad she's had such a pleasant birthday. I promised her this morning that I'd come up to the nursery for a little visit.

MISS ROYLE

[Simpering.]

Yes-s-s!

MOTHER

She said she had something important—*very* important—to say to me. Do you know what it is?

[MISS ROYLE hesitates. The light of the elevator descends. POTTER enters from the car.]

MISS ROYLE

[Quickly.]

Oh, Madam, I forgot to tell you about the break in the pipes over the dining-room.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH 'GIRL

MOTHER

A break? The dining-room?

MISS ROYLE

Yes, Madam; the plumber's here now.

MOTHER

[Distressed.]

Oh, I hope it isn't serious!—Potter!

POTTER

Not very serious, Madam. We got it in time, as you can see.

[He leads the way to the door of the dining-room, and draws aside the velvet hanging.]

MOTHER

You say it's being fixed? Dear, dear!

[MISS ROYLE stands staring before her nervously.]

The table's beautiful, Potter!

POTTER

Oh, thank you, Madam!

MISS ROYLE

[Taking up the favors.]

Oh, Madam, these place cards—Potter's so busy. If you can direct me, I'll put them around myself.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Very well. Thank you, Miss Royle.

[She follows the governess into the dining-room.]

The Doctor will sit here, and—

[POTTER follows his mistress as FATHER enters from the vestibule. The latter has on a business suit. He walks wearily. He comes to sit on the couch.]

MOTHER

[Entering, and speaking over a shoulder to MISS ROYLE.]

The two ladies at this end, Miss Royle.

MISS ROYLE

[From the dining-room.]

Yes, Madam.

MOTHER

[Sees FATHER, and goes to him.]

Oh, dear! I'm glad you're home!

[FATHER looks up at her; nods, smiling.]

You look tired! Has it been a hard day?

FATHER

No,—not harder than usual.

MOTHER

That's good.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

And you?

MOTHER

Well, it's been a trying day for me. Dressmakers, and hunting around for favors. Then, at the Charity Committee Meeting this morning, the President was—so—

[*Breaking off.*]

Oh, well, *I* thought—*rude*.

FATHER

[*Angrily.*]

That woman nasty to you?

MOTHER

[*Going to sit beside FATHER.*]

It doesn't pay to resent such things. They say she's simply the arbiter in that set.

FATHER

[*Impatiently.*]

They say! They say!

MOTHER

Now, don't be angry with me!

FATHER

Angry! Oh, no, dear; it's not you. It's only that I—I can't get used to seeing my wife on her knees to anybody. But of course—

[*Rising, and crossing the room.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

—a man doesn't understand that sort of thing. I suppose it's all in the game.

MOTHER

You're worried!

[Following him. As he halts and turns, she looks at his face with concern.]

What have you been doing to yourself?

FATHER

[Dropping to a chair by the hearth.]

Oh, I'll be all right when I get a little rest. What I need is a twelve hours' sleep.

MOTHER

Yes, yes, dear; but the dinner!

FATHER

[Blankly.]

Dinner?

MOTHER

Oh, not a big one—just half a dozen people.

FATHER

Will it matter if I'm left out? I've got to see my broker to-night about some serious business.

MOTHER

Yes, I know, dear, but that would upset my table.—And then you've forgotten somebody that's coming.

[He looks up at her enquiringly.]

The Doctor!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Delighted.]

Oh, the Doctor!

[Rising.]

And I haven't seen him in years!

MOTHER

I thought I'd like him to be here on Gwendolyn's birthday.

FATHER

Good!—How is she?

MOTHER

Doing so splendidly, Miss Royle says. And, dear, this dinner—it's practically for her. The right people are coming—people who have children—the very smartest little set, you see.

[The SECOND FOOTMAN enters from the vestibule, carrying a merry-go-round.]

Oh, a merry-go-round!

FATHER

I stole fifteen minutes to pick that out.

[He takes the toy from the SECOND FOOTMAN, who goes.]

MOTHER

Oh, she'll like that!

[She turns the merry-go-round.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Think so? But you mustn't wear yourself out with these social affairs.

MOTHER

[*Earnestly.*]

Well, a mother can't think of *that*—when she has a growing daughter.

FATHER

I know, I know!

[*MISS ROYLE enters from the dining-room. Her manner in FATHER's presence is dignified.*]

Call Gwennie, Miss Royle.

MOTHER

She's gone for a drive, dear.

FATHER

[*Disappointed.*]

Oh!

MOTHER

But she'll be down for the guests to-night.—And her supper can be a little later than usual. You understand, Miss Royle?

MISS ROYLE

Perfectly.

[*She bows.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Come, dear; it's time to dress.

[She goes toward the elevator.]

FATHER

Oh, all right.

[He follows, carrying the merry-go-round, opens the elevator door, and stands aside for MOTHER to pass.]

MISS ROYLE

Oh!—Oh, Madam!

[MOTHER turns.]

My neuralgia's been simply terrible to-day!

[She puts a hand to her cheek.]

MOTHER

I'm sorry.

MISS ROYLE

If I could be spared to-night—?

MOTHER

Very well.

MISS ROYLE

Thank you! Thank you!

[MOTHER enters the elevator. FATHER follows, closing the door. The light goes up.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

*[From the vestibule; wrangling with
THOMAS.]*

I say you *did*!

THOMAS

I say I didn't!

JANE

Yes, you *did*!

THOMAS

No, I didn't!

JANE

You did, *too*!

THOMAS

We-e-ell, what if I did!

*[GWENDOLYN enters from the vestibule,
followed by THOMAS and JANE. GWEN-
DOLYN is listless; she seats herself in a
chair by the hearth, the Teddy bear in
her arms.]*

MISS ROYLE

Well, Jane! Why this sudden return?

JANE

[Ignores her; to THOMAS.]

The shame of it! Right in front of the chauffeur—
to give me the cold shoulder!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

[*Warning* JANE.]

Now, don't start no tongue lashin'!

MISS ROYLE

Thomas!—"Don't start no tongue lashin'!" Why *will* you murder the King's English!

GWENDOLYN

[*Startled, rises, and goes to* THOMAS.]

Oh, Thomas! I didn't see that! Did—did we run over the King's English?

THOMAS

[*Laughing.*]

Did we run hover the King's—

[*He covers his mouth.* GWENDOLYN, *puzzled, turns to* MISS ROYLE.]

MISS ROYLE

Gwendolyn, love, come kiss Miss Royle.

JANE

Why, you ain't goin' out?

MISS ROYLE

By Madam's express orders. Yes-s-s.

JANE

But you promised *I* could have the evenin' off.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

Now, Jane, don't sulk. Madam also orders Miss Gwendolyn brought down to-night.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, goody, goody! I'm coming downstairs to-night!
[*She dances up and down happily.*]

MISS ROYLE

Gwendolyn, love, your presents are upstairs.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother is home!
[*She starts toward the elevator.*]

MISS ROYLE

[*Stopping her.*]

But you mustn't bother mother *now*. She's dressing—yes-s-s. Good night, dear.

[*She kisses GWENDOLYN and goes toward the vestibule.*]

There, there, Jane! Be fair—yes-s-s. Yes-s-s.

[*She goes, and GWENDOLYN surreptitiously wipes the kiss from her cheek.*]

JANE

[*Going to GWENDOLYN and taking the Teddy Bear.*]

Well, with all the new presents you git, it's high time you was throwin' away *this* little beast. A great big girl like you!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

But I'm going to *keep* my Puffy Bear.

JANE

But, look! It's covered with germs. Let Thomas throw the ragged old thing into the rubbish-can.

[*She offers THOMAS the bear.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, no! no!

[*She reaches out both arms.*]

THOMAS

[*To JANE, with mock politeness.*]

No, thank you! You can do that yourself—to-night—when you stand hout there talkin' to your friend, the policeman.

[*He stalks to the door of the dining-room.*]

JANE

[*Following.*]

Oh, now! Thomas!

THOMAS

[*Halting, to turn.*]

You two-faced thing!

JANE

[*Pleadingly.*]

Thomas!

GWENDOLYN

Jane, have you *really* got two faces?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

Aw, you can't bluff me! That policeman! 'E's
'eels over 'ead! 'Eels over 'ead!

[*He goes out.*]

GWENDOLYN

Jane, how can the policeman *walk* if he's heels over head?

JANE

[*Hastily.*]

Here, dear, take your bear. Jane has to see Thomas for a minute.

[*She starts toward the dining-room.*]

GWENDOLYN

But, Jane, if the policeman—

JANE

[*Halting.*]

Hush your foolish questions! And don't you *dare* to leave this room till I come back.

[*She goes out.*]

GWENDOLYN

Now, Puffy, don't look frightened! I'm not going to let Jane take you away. Why, you're my best friend, almost. And I love you!

[*She seats herself on the floor, takes the Teddy bear in her arms, and kisses him.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

If I knew how to sew, I'd mend you. Oh, Puffy, maybe some day we'll go back to Johnnie Blake's, and then it won't matter if you *are* shabby. Of course, a farm isn't stylish. But do you remember the gingham dress I wore? With the pocket? And we ate with father and mother, oh, for a whole week!

[Sighs longingly.]

Oh, I wish we were there now! But—we can pretend.

[Springs up.]

See, Puffy! Here's Johnnie now.

[She curtsies to an imaginary boy at her side.]

How do you do, Johnnie?

[Imitating JOHNNIE's voice and manner.]

Hello, kid! Why don't you go barefoot?

[Herself again.]

Well, I will!

[She pretends to kick off her slippers and stockings; then imitates JOHNNIE again.]

Bully! Goin' fishin' with me? See here!

[Herself.]

Oo-o-o! Wor-rms!

[JOHNNIE.]

'Fraid cat! 'Fraid cat!

[Herself.]

I'm not afraid of worms.

[JOHNNIE.]

Well, come on! Here, Rover! Here, Rover!

[She pats her dress to call the dog.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[Outside the great window, a hand-organ strikes up a tune.

Herself.]

He's going too? Oh, goody! Goody!

[GWENDOLYN hears the hand-organ, and stops her game. Smiling, she runs to the window, kneels on the cushioned seat, pushes open the sash, and calls down.]

Mister Organ-Grinder! Mister Organ-Grinder!

[She waves to him, and the music stops.]

Come on up here.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[From the street.]

Up there?

GWENDOLYN

Yes, I'd like to see you.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Oh, no, no!

GWENDOLYN

I'll give you a dollar.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

A dollar?

GWENDOLYN

Yes. Come on! *Please!*

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Nobody'll let me in.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

I'll let you in myself. Wait!

[She closes the window, gives a quick survey of the room and darts into the vestibule. JANE enters from the dining-room, speaking back over her shoulder to THOMAS, who follows.]

JANE

Oh, the theayter will be *fine*, Thomas!

THOMAS

But how *can* you? Old Royle 'as gone hout, and you'll have to stay with the young un.

JANE

That's easy. You go to the drug-store and buy some of that sleepin' medicine. I'll give her a good dose of it, and she'll be off my hands till mornin'.

THOMAS

Right you are. I'll get it.

[Looking about.]

Where is she?

JANE

[Calling.]

Gwendolyn!

[She crosses to the foot of the stairs, while THOMAS goes to the door of the music-room and looks in.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

You needn't hide, Miss! *We* know where you are!
[*He goes into the music-room.*]

JANE

Gwendolyn!—Was there ever such a child!—Gwendolyn!

[*She races up the stairs. GWENDOLYN appears in the vestibule, makes sure that the hall is vacant, then calls to the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Politely.*]

Come on in, Mr. Organ-Grinder.

[*She comes down, and the ORGAN-GRINDER comes to a halt by the fountain. Over his shoulder by a strap hangs his hand-organ. He is about sixty, with grey hair and rosy cheeks. His face is gentle, but he is roughly dressed in baggy trousers, an old soft shirt, and a torn coat out at elbows. His toes show through his shoes. In his hand is his ragged hat, which he fingers nervously.*]

Oh, come right in.

[*He enters the hall timidly, with a glance backward, then forward.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Remember, Miss, you got me up here!

[*Smiling, he halts by the hearth.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

It's my birthday. And I'm grown-up. So I can have guests.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[In a sudden panic, he stumbles against a chair, and steps on the Teddy bear.]

I think I'd better go back to the sidewalk.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, no, no!—Look out! Oh!

[He retreats, startled.]

I didn't want you to step on Puffy. He and I were playing a pretend-game before you came.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Eh?

GWENDOLYN

[She introduces an imaginary boy.]

This is Johnnie Blake.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Taps his forehead sadly, then starts to leave.]

Now I *know* I ought to go.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, no!

[Catches at his sleeve and turns him.]

Johnnie's not real.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Oh! Make-believe!

GWENDOLYN

Yes. Won't you meet him?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

All right.

[He places the hand-organ on a chair.]

GWENDOLYN

Now we're up in the country. Come, Johnnie.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

*[Entering into the game, and bowing to
JOHNNIE.]*

Howdy do! Howdy do!

GWENDOLYN

And you—

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Eagerly.]

Yes?

GWENDOLYN

You're Rover, the dog.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

The dog!

GWENDOLYN

Yes. Bark!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Woof! Woof! Woof!

GWENDOLYN

[Laughing with delight.]

Here, Rover! Here, Rover!

[Pats her dress to call the dog.]

Oh, but you don't stand up!

[He drops to all-fours.]

That's it! Ha, ha, ha!

[Jumps up and down.]

Look out! You're in the water!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Eh?

GWENDOLYN

[Points to an imaginary stream.]

Oh, but it *is* water.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Well, I'm a water-dog.

GWENDOLYN

All right. Good! Now, go over by the big trees.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Eh?

GWENDOLYN

The big trees!

[She points to the newel-posts. He goes.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Now, I jump across the stream and I accidentally drop Puffy.

[She jumps the imaginary stream and drops the Teddy bear. The ORGAN-GRINDER springs forward, grabs the Teddy bear in his teeth, and shakes him.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Growling.]

Rar-rar-rar!

GWENDOLYN

Worry him—worry him! That's it! Shake him up!

[In sudden concern, she gets down on her knees.]

Now, Rover, don't hurt Puffy! Rover, don't hurt Puffy! Here, give him to me.

[She seizes the bear by a leg. There is a short tussle, then the ORGAN-GRINDER drops the bear; they sit back, laughing.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, my, you're a fine dog! I wish you were here all the time!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Ah! But what would all the little folks around the city do? All my young friends would wait and wait, to dance on the pavement—and I and my music wouldn't come!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I'd like to go down sometime and dance on the pavement!—without the Professor around! And it must be nice to go wherever you please—*anywhere*!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Agreeing.*]

Ah-ha!

GWENDOLYN

You know, I can't. Because Jane is afraid—
[*She leans toward him, dropping her voice.*]
—of kidnappers!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Startled, he rises quickly, seizes the hand-organ, and makes as if to go.*]

Oh, I guess I'd better go out on the sidewalk.

GWENDOLYN

[*Going to him.*]

But I haven't given you the dollar yet!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

You know, Miss, I've got to go. Just because I'm not a Dago, the policeman on this beat—

GWENDOLYN

Are you afraid of him, too?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Nodding.*]

Why, he's run me off the block twice!

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

You know that big club he carries?

[*He rubs his knee.*]

GWENDOLYN

All shiny with blood!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Grumbling.*]

Oh, I'd like to give him a black eye! But all I can do is to make faces.

[*The PLUMBER appears on the stairs.
He has on his cap, and is smoking.*]

GWENDOLYN

Make faces? *Where* do you make faces?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Why, you see, I—

THE PLUMBER

[*Amazed.*]

Well!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[GWENDOLYN *and the* ORGAN-GRINDER
start guiltily.]

What do y' know about dis!

[*The PLUMBER descends.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Smiling hospitably.*]

Oh, you're the gentleman that fixes the pipes?

THE PLUMBER

Yep.

GWENDOLYN

Mr. Piper, this is Mr. Organ-Grinder.

THE PLUMBER

Howdy-do, Grinder! Howdy-do!

GWENDOLYN

He's a wonderful musician!

THE PLUMBER

Haw! Haw!—And who are you? And what do
you do?

GWENDOLYN

I'm only Gwendolyn, and—and—I— Well, after
while, I'm going to be a laundress!

THE PLUMBER

A wash-lady, eh?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I can see them from my nursery. They have
such fun! They run about on the roofs, and sing!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

[Sarcastically.]

It's a grand life!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, now let's have some music. Mr. Organ-Grinder, please begin.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Nervously.]

What, *here*?

GWENDOLYN

Yes. Oh, *please*! It's my birthday.

THE PLUMBER

Go on, Grinder, give us a tune.

[He seizes the crank of the hand-organ, gives it a turn, and begins to dance.]

Let's jolly up these swells!

[The ORGAN-GRINDER turns the crank, timidly at first, then more boldly.]

GWENDOLYN

Come on, Mr. Piper! That's it. Point your toes.

[As he dances, the PLUMBER takes up the tune, singing into the pipe coiled about his chest. GWENDOLYN also dances, using her dancing-school steps. JANE comes hurrying down the staircase.]

JANE

[Horried.]

What's this? What's this?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*To the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

You old creature! Git out of here!

GWENDOLYN

[*Holding up her hands to stop the nurse.*]

Oh, Jane! I invited him!

THE PLUMBER

Yes, she asked him in. And what's the use of havin' money if you can't entertain the friends you like?

JANE

[*To the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

You git out, I tell you!

[*To the PLUMBER.*]

And you, too!

THE PLUMBER

[*Standing in JANE's way.*]

Now, now, Brick-top! Didn't you hear the little lady? This wonderful musician is a guest.

JANE

Ha!

[*Rushing to the door of the music-room.*]

Thomas! Thomas!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*To the PLUMBER, as he edges toward the vestibule.*]

I'd better go out on the sidewalk.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

[Holding him back; mischievously.]

Aw, wait! Wait! Let's get a peek at Tom!

[To THOMAS, who comes from the music-room.]

Ho! Ho! So you're the bouncer, eh?

THOMAS

If your job's done, you git hout!

THE PLUMBER

Who're you talking to? You six-dollar-a-week flunky! You're not a man. You're a' ornament,—you and the rubber plant!

THOMAS

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

What're *you* doin' here?

THE PLUMBER

He's amusin' the kid. And that's more'n *you're* doin'.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Imploringly.]

Stop! Don't! Let's go.

[He edges farther toward the vestibule.]

JANE

[Intercepting him.]

No, you don't!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[Pointing toward the dining-room.]

Out the back way.

[The ORGAN-GRINDER obeys her.]

GWENDOLYN

[Catching up her hand-bag and running to him.]

Oh, good-bye, Mr. Organ-Grinder!

[She puts a dollar bill into his coat pocket.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

You'll hear me again—after while.

[He goes out.]

THE PLUMBER

[To THOMAS.]

Old big ears! Puh!

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Well, so long, kid!

GWENDOLYN

Good-bye, Mr. Piper, and thank you!

THE PLUMBER

Don't mention it. Don't mention it.

[Turning at the door of the dining-room.]

All in the day's work!

[He goes out.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*Following him.*]

Oh, you'll come again some time, won't you?

THE PLUMBER

[*Calling from the butler's pantry.*]

I got a swell chance of gittin' into *this* joint again.

[*JANE angrily pursues GWENDOLYN through the swinging door. THOMAS shakes his head, puts the Teddy bear on a chair, and turns on the lights. The SECOND FOOTMAN appears from the vestibule, and stands aside for the DOCTOR to enter. The latter is about fifty, and wears a closely cut Van Dyke beard.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*To the SECOND FOOTMAN.*]

Say that the Doctor's here.

[*The SECOND FOOTMAN bows, and goes upstairs. THOMAS closes the curtains at the window. The DOCTOR goes to the fireplace, and looks up at the coat-of-arms. JANE enters from the dining-room, pulling GWENDOLYN after her by one hand.*]

JANE

You're goin' to catch it, you bad, bad young one!

[*THOMAS attempts to warn her.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[Turning.]

Oh!

JANE

[Shaking Gwendolyn.]

Into somethin' every hour—if I ain't dancin' attendance!

GWENDOLYN

But, Jane! You *haven't* been dancing!

JANE

Now, I don't want any more of it! 'And if you act up again, I'll know you're sick or somethin', and I'll call a doctor!

GWENDOLYN

[Frightened.]

Oh, no, Jane! *Please* don't call a doctor! I'll be good! I'll be good!

JANE

Then you come right upstairs.

[Starts toward the staircase.]

THE DOCTOR

[Stopping her.]

Just a moment.

JANE

Miss Gwendolyn's got to have her hair fixed, sir.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

That can wait. I'll ring for you.

JANE

But, sir,—

THOMAS

[Touching her elbow and whispering.]

Pst! Doctor!

JANE

Oh!

[Retreats precipitately, into the dining-room, THOMAS following.]

THE DOCTOR

[Smiling down.]

Well, Miss Gwendolyn, I see you don't remember me.

GWENDOLYN

[Politely.]

I—I'm sorry. But I guess I—I don't.

THE DOCTOR

I was introduced to you the night the stork brought you.

GWENDOLYN

Oh! Well, you see, I was so little.

THE DOCTOR

That explains it, of course. I gather from your conversation that you don't like—hem!—doctors.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

I *hate* them!

THE DOCTOR

[*Taken aback.*]

Why, I don't think doctors are so bad.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, yes, they are!

[*Darkly.*]

They give little girls nasty medicine. And they're just waiting around to cut out my appendix, and charge my father a thousand dollars!

THE DOCTOR

[*Laughing.*]

Well, I've heard that *wise* doctors give only bread-pills.

GWENDOLYN

Bread-pills?

[*He nods.*]

Did—did *you* ever eat one?

THE DOCTOR

[*Heartily.*]

Yes, indeed! Why, I'm a sort of a bread-pill specialist.

GWENDOLYN

What's a special-ist?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

A specialist? A specialist is a man who—

[Thinks a moment.]

—who rides a hobby.

GWENDOLYN

[Pleased.]

A hobby!

THE DOCTOR

Now, let's forget all about doctors. Eh? I want to enjoy this little visit. It's some years since we met.

[He holds out his hand.]

Won't you shake hands?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, yes!

[Puts a hand in his, and curtseys.]

THE DOCTOR

[Covertly feeling her pulse with his left hand.]

I'm an old friend of your father's and mother's.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I *like* friends. Most of mine, though, are only pretend.

THE DOCTOR

Pretend? Then you don't go out much?

GWENDOLYN

Mostly in the motor.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Ah, the motor! Well, I see that I'll have to get you out.

[Crosses to the couch, and sits.]

You and I will have to ride some of those hobbies of mine together.

GWENDOLYN

[Coming to stand beside him.]

Oh, you have more than one!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, indeed! Several! There's fresh air, exercise, plain food, good earth, and warm sun.

[He turns her gently.]

Now, I want you to say *mo-tor*, and breathe deep.

[He lays an ear against her chest.]

GWENDOLYN

Mo-tor! Is that the way *you* pronounce it?

THE DOCTOR

Very nearly.

GWENDOLYN

[Leaning against his knee.]

I think Pretend friends are awfully nice. I go paddling in the water with them, and we make mud-pies, and they come into my nursery whenever I want them.

THE DOCTOR

[Nodding.]

Ah! And when you don't want them, raus mit 'em! Eh?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[He makes a gesture of ejecting some one.]

I call that a fine arrangement!

GWENDOLYN

I have so many of them. First of all, there's father, and mother—

THE DOCTOR

Father and mother! *Pretend* friends?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, father and mother are the Dearest Pretend! At night, when I'm in bed, I pretend that father sits on one side, and mother on the other. And father holds this hand—

[She puts out her left.]

—and says, "Good night, little daughter." And mother kisses me—

[She puts out her right hand.]

—and sings— Would you like to hear what she sings?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, indeed!

GWENDOLYN

[Taking a position in front of him in imitation of her mother.]

I'll sing the nice part.

THE DOCTOR

That's right!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Singing.]

"Rest! Rest! On mother's breast,
Father will come to you soo-oon."

[The DOCTOR looks down, to hide the tears in his eyes. She bends to peer into his face.]

Don't you like it?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, indeed!

[He rises, patting her head.]

You sing as if you had a very remarkable throat.
Would you mind if I took a look at it?

GWENDOLYN

How funny! Of course not.

[She opens her mouth.]

THE DOCTOR

I think I could see better if you'd put out your tongue.

[She puts out her tongue.]

That's right— 'Way out!

[He looks at her tongue.]

Ah! Just as I thought! Regular bird's throat!

[His face shows concern. She smiles up at him delightedly as he goes to touch a bell. JANE enters instantly, showing that she has been listening.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[*Significantly.*]

You're *very* prompt!

JANE

[*Embarrassed.*]

Ye-es, sir.

[*She goes to GWENDOLYN, takes her by the hand, and leads her toward the stairs.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Calling back to the DOCTOR over a shoulder.*]

I'll see you again this evening.

THE DOCTOR

[*Following her.*]

Will you? Fine! And after this I'm to be a friend?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, yes! A really, truly one!

[*She ascends.*]

THE DOCTOR

And a pretend one, too?

[*GWENDOLYN nods vigorously, and disappears with JANE through the curtains of the landing. The DOCTOR goes to the fireplace, takes out a note-book, and jots something in it. As the light of the elevator comes down, he steps forward.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

The elevator door opens, and FATHER comes out, dressed for dinner.]

FATHER

Doctor!

[They clasp hands.]

THE DOCTOR

Well! Well! Well!

[He slaps FATHER on the back.]

FATHER

This *is* a compliment,—to get hold of such a busy man!

THE DOCTOR

[Laughing.]

And I'm early.

FATHER

Good! We can have a minute together before the others come.

THE DOCTOR

Something on to-night?

FATHER

My wife's having a few friends in.

THE DOCTOR

[Regretfully.]

Oh, I'd hoped to have the evening alone with you.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Shakes head.]

Alone! Oh, my dear doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Doing the society thing, eh?

FATHER

You know how it is in the big town.

THE DOCTOR

Yes. Beautiful home you have here.

FATHER

It'll do for a while. This is the music-room.

THE DOCTOR

[Pointing to the vestibule.]

That entrance takes my eye. What a magnificent sun-room it would make! And you can't get too much of that sort of thing.

FATHER

I'm glad you like it.

[They go into the music-room. JANE appears on the landing with GWENDOLYN. They come down.]

JANE

Now, Gwendolyn! Sit here.

[She leads her to a chair by the hearth, and GWENDOLYN sits.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

And don't you go tearin' around and gittin' all mussed.

[*Kneels to arrange GWENDOLYN's dress.*]

Jane's got to git some supper.

THOMAS

[*Coming from the dining-room.*]

Jane!

JANE

[*Going to him, and speaking low.*]

Did you git that from the drug store?

THOMAS

[*Taking out a bottle.*]

Yes.

JANE

Good!

[*She takes the bottle, and as she turns back to GWENDOLYN, slips it into a pocket of her skirt.*]

THOMAS

[*Following her.*]

It ain't the kind I got before. He said only half a teaspoonful of *this* kind.

JANE

[*Not hearing.*]

Ah-ha!

THOMAS

Sh! Potter!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[POTTER enters the dining-room through the swinging door. THOMAS joins him.]

JANE

Now, Gwendolyn, when the ladies and gents come, I want you to put your best foot forward.

GWENDOLYN

[*Holding out first one slippered foot, then the other.*]

But, Jane, which *is* my best foot?

JANE

[*Rising, exasperated.*]

"Which is my best foot?" and "Who are They?" and "Where do They git soda-water?" and "Where is Robin Hood's Barn?"

[*Crossing toward the dining-room.*]

Land sakes alive! That young un's questions would drive a saint crazy!

[*She goes out. GWENDOLYN looks at her feet critically, then gets down from the chair. Through the window comes the long whistle of a river-boat. She lifts her head, goes to part the curtains of the window, looks out, then kneels on the window-seat. The curtains meet at her back, screening her. The SECOND FOOTMAN appears at the door leading to the vestibule, and stands aside to let the FIRST and SECOND SOCIETY WOMEN and the FIRST*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

SOCIETY MAN *pass, after which he ascends the staircase. The three guests come down. They are in evening dress. They look about them.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Rather nice, don't you think?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[Begrudgingly.]

Um!—Yes. He had the money.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

And decorators do wonderful things these days.—
But do look at that!

[Points to the suit of armor.]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[Examining the armor through her lorgnette.]

Oh, dear, dear!

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[Laughing.]

A rank fake, I'll bet!

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Atrocious taste!

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[To SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.]

I see you haven't met our hostess before.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*To the FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

She was just an ordinary country girl, pretty but horribly poor, with a fair education, and absolutely no culture. She met him; he was rich, and fell in love with her; she married him. And since then—

[*He chuckles. The curtains of the window shake.*]

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[*Eagerly.*]

What?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

How he's been making ducks and drakes out of his money!

[*The curtains shake more violently.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

You know what's the matter with her?

[*The FIRST SOCIETY MAN nods.*]

She's got the society bee in her bonnet.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

The society bee,—yes!

[*GWENDOLYN looks out from between the curtains.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

She talks nothing else. She hears nothing else. She sees nothing else. Goes wherever she can shove

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

in—benefit musicals, hospital teas, Christmas bazaars,
and Heaven knows what!

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Bad as that? *Nouveaux riches!*

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Well, it's kept the poor fellow in harness all the time.
You should have seen him when he first came to town.
And now the change! He's burning his candles at
both ends.

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Oh, dear!

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

You haven't heard the latest about him?

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

No. What?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

He's on the edge of a crash.

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Who told you?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Oh, a little bird.

[GWENDOLYN *covers her mouth with one hand to stifle a cry, and shrinks back out of sight.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[Boastingly.]

Well, her money's never been a wedge with *me*.

[She crosses to the couch and sits.]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[To SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.]

The wedge, as you call it, is pretty welcome, isn't it, when one is Chairman of a subscription committee?

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Well, if she *should* offer me a check for the hospital, I sha'n't be insane enough to refuse it.

[GWENDOLYN sneezes. The SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN rises, and joins the others.]

Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[Nervously.]

Est-ce que vous avez vu quelqu'un dans la chambre?

[All turn to stare toward the vestibule.]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[Turning about, and speaking loudly, as if continuing a conversation.]

Yes, and we also found the Riviera very pleasant.

[Breaking off. To the FIRST SOCIETY MAN.]

Es ist jemand geniesst; ich habe es ganz deutlich gehort.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL.

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Haben Sie jemand beobachtet?

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Nein.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Do you suppose any one was listening?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Je ne vois personne.

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Das lauschen erwartet man nur von so ganz ordinaren Menschen.

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[Calling into the music-room.]

Hello, old man!

FATHER

[From the music-room.]

How are you?

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[Whispering.]

Did he—?

[The elevator light descends.]

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

No. Sh! The elevator.

[As he goes into the music-room, the elevator door opens and MOTHER comes out.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

[*Crossing to the FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

How do you do! I'm *so* glad you could come.

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Charmed to be here.

[*They shake hands.*]

This is my sister.

[*She indicates the SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

MOTHER

[*To the SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

How do you do!

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

I feel as if I knew you already.

[*They shake hands.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

We've been enjoying this beautiful room.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

It's a great pleasure to be here. *So* sweet of you to want me.

MOTHER

So sweet of you to come!

[*As FATHER, the DOCTOR and the FIRST SOCIETY MAN enter from the music-room, the SECOND FOOTMAN ushers in the*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THIRD SOCIETY WOMAN *and the SECOND SOCIETY MAN.*

FATHER

[To the FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN.]

How do you do! I had a glimpse of you on the Avenue.

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Indeed! I didn't suppose you ever left your desk for a minute. This is my sister.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Charmed.

MOTHER

[To the THIRD SOCIETY WOMAN.]

So glad to see you!

THE THIRD SOCIETY WOMAN

We've just got back to town!

MOTHER

Doctor, it's so good to have you here.

THE DOCTOR

I feel like a boy out for a holiday.

MOTHER

Excuse me.

[To the FIRST SOCIETY MAN.]

Well, globe-trotting seems to agree with you.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

You're looking mighty fit yourself.

[POTTER enters from the dining-room.]

MOTHER

Very well, Potter.

[Calling to FATHER.]

Dear! Dear!

[She goes to him. POTTER draws aside the curtains of the dining-room door and signals to THOMAS, who enters with a cake on which is a circle of lighted tapers. THOMAS sets the cake on the table. JANE enters, and waits, standing beside THOMAS. POTTER goes.]

THE GUESTS

Ah! How pretty! Birthday, eh? Isn't that beautiful?

MOTHER

Gwendolyn!—Jane, where is she?

JANE

[Suddenly realising that GWENDOLYN is not present.]

Why,—why, I left Miss Gwendolyn here, Madam.

[GWENDOLYN appears from between the curtains and comes down, looking from FATHER to MOTHER in concern. FIRST and SECOND SOCIETY WOMEN and FIRST

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

SOCIETY MAN *stare at one another in consternation.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother!

MOTHER

[Gently reproving.]

Why, dearest!

[Stoops to kiss GWENDOLYN, who returns the kiss; then curtseys.]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[To SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.]

Been there all the time!

FATHER

[Coming forward.]

Haven't you a kiss for father?

[GWENDOLYN curtseys, and kisses FATHER.]

THE GUESTS

Cunning! Fine child! Adorable!

GWENDOLYN

[Earnestly.]

Father, could I ask you something?

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[Interrupting quickly.]

So this is your little daughter?—How do you do, darling? I congratulate you.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[GWENDOLYN *only curtseys, looking into her face anxiously, and goes to the FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN, to curtsey again.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

I congratulate you!

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Well, little girl, I congratulate you.

[*Shakes hands.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Curtseys, looking up at him earnestly.*]

Please tell me, *how* do candles burn at both ends?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

Why, they—they—

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

[*Quickly.*]

Oh, darling, the candles are over there on your birthday cake.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[*Blandly.*]

And you just blow them out.

MOTHER

Yes, dear. Come!

[GWENDOLYN *crosses to the cake, looking back as she goes, at the guests. With elaborate attention, JANE holds her curls*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

back as GWENDOLYN blows out the candles. The guests applaud.]

GWENDOLYN

[To MOTHER.]

Where do the lights go when I blow them out?

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

Isn't she clever!

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

What gave her the idea?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

She's got a head on her shoulders!

MOTHER

Thomas, the cake is to be taken upstairs.

[THOMAS bows.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother, may I sit at the grown-up table to-night?

MOTHER

Oh, no, dear. But I'm having Potter send you up a nice little bird.

GWENDOLYN

A—a bird? The kind that tells things to people?

[There is general laughter. But the FIRST and SECOND SOCIETY WOMEN exchange uneasy glances.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[*To MOTHER.*]

Oh, clever! Does she—er—speak French?

MOTHER

Oh, yes,—French and German.

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

How *chic*!

[*Glances again at the FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

POTTER

[*Entering.*]

Dinner is served, madam.

MOTHER

Ah!—Jane.

[*JANE comes to GWENDOLYN with a great show of affection.*]

GWENDOLYN

But, mother, I wanted to ask you more.

[*THOMAS takes up the cake and goes to wait at the elevator.*]

MOTHER

To-morrow, dear.

[*She kisses GWENDOLYN, and leads the way to the dining-room with the FIRST SOCIETY MAN.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Father!

[FATHER *pats her head and turns to offer his arm to the SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN.*]

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

[*To MOTHER.*]

I hear you're on the reception committee.

MOTHER

Why, yes. Who told you?

THE FIRST SOCIETY MAN

The chairman.

[*They go into the dining-room.*]

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[*To FATHER.*]

You must be very proud of your little daughter.

FATHER

Indeed, we *all* are.

[*They follow the other two.*]

THE SECOND SOCIETY MAN

Have you heard of that sixty-story building we're putting up down town?

THE FIRST SOCIETY WOMAN

Is that the same one you were telling me about the other day?

[*They go.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[To THIRD SOCIETY WOMAN.]

Excuse me.

[He turns at the dining-room door to take GWENDOLYN's hand.]

Good night.

GWENDOLYN

[Wistfully.]

Good night,—friend.

[She stands, watching into the dining-room, from where come laughter and gay talk.]

JANE

[To GWENDOLYN; changing to a harsh manner.]

Well?

[The faint cry of a newspaper vendor is heard from the street: "Extra! Extra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw street! Extra Extra!"]

JANE

[Jerking at GWENDOLYN's arm.]

Come, now!

As GWENDOLYN turns toward the elevator, the SECOND FOOTMAN appears from the vestibule, showing in the BROKER, who is a middle-aged man in a business suit. His hair is dishevelled.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

He looks worried, and comes down rapidly.]

THE BROKER

Dinner or no dinner, I must *see* him. It is *very* important.

[The cries outside continue, growing louder.]

THE SECOND FOOTMAN

But the master's at table, now, sir.

THE BROKER

I can't help that. I'm his broker. Do you understand? His *broker*! I must *see* him!

[The SECOND FOOTMAN goes into the dining-room. JANE draws GWENDOLYN into the elevator, THOMAS closes the door, and the light ascends. The BROKER paces to and fro.]

FATHER

[Entering quickly.]

Well, did you find out?

THE BROKER

Yes, things couldn't be worse. The bears have kicked the bottom out of the market. To-morrow morning they'll have everything their own way. Here, take a look at this last extra.

[Again the cries come from the street, but more faintly.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

How much must I have?

THE BROKER

One hundred and seventy-five thousand cash, and your banks still carry you.

FATHER

Isn't there any other way?

THE BROKER

Two hundred thousand would be safer. Have you got it?

FATHER

No!

[The cries of "Extra! Extra!" die away.]

THE BROKER

Well, you'll have to get it. Here are duplicate memoranda, if you want to look them over.

[He hands FATHER a sheaf of folded papers.]

FATHER

All right. All right.

[The BROKER starts to go.]

I can get you at home on the 'phone?

THE BROKER

Any hour to-night.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Come by in the morning and pick me up.

THE BROKER

At eight o'clock.

[He goes.]

FATHER

One hundred and seventy-five thousand!

[As he starts toward the dining-room, he is met by laughter and talk. He falters, turns back slowly, and sits dejectedly on the couch, covering his face with both hands. GWENDOLYN comes stealing down the stairs to him.]

GWENDOLYN

[Softly.]

Father!

[He does not look up.]

Father!

[She comes to him. He uncovers his face and looks at her blankly.]

I was afraid! I don't know why, but—

[From the distance, the cries of "Extra! Extra!" sound again.]

FATHER

Why, hello, daughter!

[She drops a curtsy.]

Dear little girl!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, father, I ran away! Oh, I don't care about myself any more—about growing up, or anything. I'm scared about you! Just now they said—

[She points toward the dining-room.]

—oh, such awful things about you and mother. And, father, *are* there bears in your street?

FATHER

Bears? Ah, yes. The bears!

[He laughs bitterly.]

GWENDOLYN

[Catching his hands.]

Have they ever frightened you?

FATHER

Yes, dear, once or twice.

GWENDOLYN

Will they hurt you?

FATHER

[Rising defiantly.]

Oh, I'm not through fighting them yet! I'm not through yet!

GWENDOLYN

[Throwing her arms about him.]

Father!

FATHER

[Unclasping her arms and searching her face.]

Gwendolyn, who told you about any bears?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Jane.

FATHER

**Jane? That was wrong. Jane doesn't understand.
And my little girl shouldn't be worried about father's
troubles.**

GWENDOLYN

Oh, father! I want to help! *Please* let me help!

JANE

[Appearing from the landing.]

Gwendolyn! Gwendolyn!

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

[She tries to warn her father into silence.]

FATHER

Here, Jane.

JANE

[Breathing hard.]

**Oh, thank you, sir. It give me such a turn, her
stealing' off like that! And she hasn't had a bite of
supper yet.**

GWENDOLYN

Father! Please, I don't want to go!

FATHER

[Tenderly reproving.]

Why! Why! Why!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I want to tell you what *they* said—

JANE

She always acts this way at bed-time, sir.

FATHER

[*Lifting GWENDOLYN's chin gently.*]

Father thinks she'd better go. And she's not to worry her blessed little head any more.

[*He kisses her, and goes into the dining-room. JANE takes a bottle from her pocket.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Watching after FATHER.*]

I don't want any supper.

JANE

All right. But you'll take a teaspoonful of this.

[*She uncorks the bottle, and holds out bottle and teaspoon.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Jane, I don't want to take medicine!

JANE

You take it now! It's good for you.

GWENDOLYN

No! No!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

Yes, yes,—and go right to sleep.

[As GWENDOLYN takes the bottle and spoon, a hand-organ strikes up a tune from the street.]

GWENDOLYN

[Happily.]

Oh, the organ-grinder! The organ-grinder!

[She starts toward the window.]

JANE

[Stopping her.]

No. First you take that teaspoonful. I'll attend to him.

[She stalks to the window-seat.]

GWENDOLYN

The organ-grinder!

[She pours the medicine hastily; the spoon runs over; she drinks.]

JANE

[Calling out.]

Here! You git!

[The hand-organ stops.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Jane! Please don't—

JANE

[Turning about.]

Are you going to take that teaspoonful?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

I did.

JANE

[Coming to GWENDOLYN.]

You did not! You threw it away!

[She points to the rug.]

GWENDOLYN

A little spilled.

JANE

You threw it away. I *seen* you.

GWENDOLYN

No, Jane!

JANE

[Firmly.]

Come, now, you take a teaspoonful of this.

[She seizes the bottle and pours out a teaspoonful.]

GWENDOLYN

[Holding back.]

But—but—

[From outside comes the blast of a policeman's whistle.]

JANE

[Darkly.]

Ah! Here's the policeman!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, no-o-o, Jane! No! Don't let him get me.

[*She drinks.*]

Jane! Don't let him get me! Jane!

JANE

Well, then! No, dearie, stay here, and I'll tell him to go right away.

[*She goes out by the vestibule. GWENDOLYN stands a moment, looking from side to side uncertainly. She puts a hand to her forehead, and as the drug takes effect, there is a faint roll of thunder.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, there's a storm coming up! Oo-oo-oo! How funny! Why—why—how funny!

[*As she crosses unsteadily toward the staircase, the hall darkens.*]

It's getting dark! Mother! Father! Help me!

[*She staggers back to the couch.*]

I can't see!

[*Blackness shuts out the hall. The thunder deepens, and the wind howls, drowning GWENDOLYN's voice. Then music is heard, as the storm lessens in fury. And a faint light grows. The hall has melted away to a deep glade in a forest. The fireplace is a rocky cave; the staircase, a cascade; the couch, a mossy stone; the elevator, a large, gnarled*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

tree; while the long velvet curtains are slender trees, through which the river is seen, shining under a great moon. GWENDOLYN, too, has changed. Her embroidered frock has disappeared. She is barefooted, and wears a little gingham dress.]

GWENDOLYN

Why,—why,—where am I?

[Looking up joyously.]

Here's a tree! A tree! And, oh,—

[She stoops to fill her hand with leaves.]

—leaves, and grass!

[She tosses the leaves.]

And the sky! And the stars!

[The music swells.]

And a stream! Oh, goody! A stream!

[She springs to dip her hands into the water.]

And mud! Why, here's nice, squashy mud! A-a-ah!

[She turns, flinging up her arms joyously.]

Hurrah! Hurrah! I'm outdoors! I'm outdoors! I'm outdoors!

[She runs, leaping through the glade, swishing her hair in joyous abandon.]

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

SCENE 1: THE TELL-TALE FOREST

The curtain rises on the open forest glade. Now it is seen that the great gnarled tree is the Face Shop. There are noses on display; eyes, too; also foreheads, cheeks, and chins. The rocky cave is the Bear's Den. And the cascade is a stream of Soda Water, which ends in a pool. Winding up beside the stream, goes a steep path.

GWENDOLYN *is dancing, but somewhat wearily, to fairy-like music which the ORGAN-GRINDER plays on his hand-organ. The light in the glade is dim, and weirdly blue.*

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Calling about him like a huckster.]

Ears to sharpen! Eyes to sharpen! Edges taken off of tongues!

GWENDOLYN

[Breathlessly.]

Oh, I've danced so much, I'm tired.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Calling.]

Ears to sharpen! Eyes to sharpen! Edges taken off of tongues!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*Half laughing.*]

I'm afraid I'm going to topple over.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Chanting monotonously.*]

Relax—recline—repose.

GWENDOLYN

Why, you talk just like my dictionary!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Ears to sharpen! Eyes to sharpen! I take the edges off of tongues!

GWENDOLYN

[*Sitting on the mossy rock.*]

I hear you, but I can't see you. I guess I need *my* eyes sharpened.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Quite so! Quite so! You haven't been seeing things in their right light.

[*He crosses to her, leans the hand-organ against the rock, and takes a lorgnette from a pocket.*]

Now, don't move. Jus-s-st a minute. There!

[*As he applies the lorgnette to her eyes, instantly the light grows.*]

Now, you'll have no trouble in seeing!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*Rising, and looking about her.*]

Why—why—where *am* I?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Where are you? Well, you ought to know.

GWENDOLYN

I—I ought to, but I don't. And—I suppose people don't answer questions here, either?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Oh, yes.

[*Chanting.*]

Necessary—obligatory—compulsory.

GWENDOLYN

How nice!

[*Going to him.*]

Then, why don't *you*?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Well, if I must, I must.—This is the Tell-Tale Forest.

GWENDOLYN

O-o-h!—*Why* is it called the Tell-Tale Forest?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Why? Because it is a wonderful place. No matter what a person *pretends* to be, the moment he enters these woods, he changes.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Instantly, without knowing it, he appears as he really is. Now, take yourself, for instance—

[She looks down at herself.]

You're supposed to have everything, but the fact of the matter is, you have nothing at all.

GWENDOLYN

No?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

And take my case. In town I'm the Organ-Grinder, but here I'm the Man Who Makes Faces.

[He jerks a thumb.]

Wouldn't you like to have a look at my establishment?

[They go to the Face Shop.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh! Moustaches and puffs and goatees!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

And fine chins and cheeks. And, see! Here's a Roman nose.

[He shows it to her.]

GWENDOLYN

And eyes!

[A score of eyes have lighted up at the back of the shop, to wink and sparkle at her.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Wall eyes. Recently I made a lovely blue pair for a child who'd cried her eyes out.

GWENDOLYN

Oh! And this?

[She points to a box.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

A sauce box, full of mouths. And, see! Did you ever hear of a sweet tooth?

[He takes up one.]

GWENDOLYN

Why, I've got one!

[She points it out to him.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I always keep a supply on hand. Carve 'em myself—out of cube sugar.—Now, just inspect this smooth tongue.

[A sign lights up. It reads: "Tongues in all languages."]

GWENDOLYN

Tongues in all languages!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Welcome—convenient—satisfactory.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, that'll save me a lot of studying. Please, I'd like to buy two: a French tongue, and a German tongue.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

So you would. So you would.—But can you *pay* for 'em?

GWENDOLYN

Pay?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I see you don't realise who you are.

GWENDOLYN

Well, I've been acquainted with myself quite a few years, but—but—

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I thought so.

GWENDOLYN

[Smiling.]

I must be a happy little girl, anyhow. Look at my dress!

[She holds out the gingham pinafore.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

H'm!

[He takes her hand.]

Well, I see you don't know.

GWENDOLYN

Tell me!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Tenderly.*]

You're The Poor Little Rich Girl.—The Poor Little Rich Girl!

GWENDOLYN

[*Thoughtfully.*]

That's so.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

But things will improve. You can be *so* happy if you'll follow my advice.

GWENDOLYN

What?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

You must find your father and mother.

GWENDOLYN

Father? And mother?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

And you must get rid of those servants.

GWENDOLYN

But how *can* I?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Leave no stone unturned.

GWENDOLYN

There's a stone right here.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[She points to a small stone beside the mossy rock.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

All right; turn it.

[GWENDOLYN stoops and turns it.]

JANE

[From behind the trees.]

One, two, three, point! One, two, three, point!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Oh! How fortunate! Here comes one now. But you'll have to keep out of her clutches.

[He goes to her protectingly.]

GWENDOLYN

[Whispering.]

Her?

[They both turn to look, and fall back a step as JANE dances toward them.]

JANE

One, two, three, point! One, two, three, point!

[She stops.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

What are you doing here, Jane?

JANE

What *should* I be doin'? I'm dancin' attendance.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

*[She dances sideways to the Face Shop,
where she examines a big red braid.]*

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Darkly to GWENDOLYN.]

Ha-a! That's it! We must keep her dancing!

JANE

[Shaking the braid.]

Say, old man, what's the price of this switch?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I'll quote you no prices. You haven't paid me yet
for your extra face.

GWENDOLYN

[Whispering.]

Has she *really* got two?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Two. Just watch.—Waltz around, Jane.

JANE

*[Waltzing, and disclosing her second
face.]*

One, two, three! One, two, three!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, the Two-Faced Thing!—I like the Tell-Tale
Forest. Things are exactly as I've always seen
them.

[She goes to the mossy rock and sits.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

That's right. You must be lying down when she finds you.

[GWENDOLYN *reclines sidewise, and shuts her eyes.*]

JANE

[*Walking over to the Face Shop.*]

Now, Gwendolyn. It's time you was goin' upstairs. Come!

[*She presses a button, and the light of the elevator descends across the Face Shop.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Whispering to GWENDOLYN.*]

Don't answer! Mum! Muffle! Mute!

JANE

Ah-ha! You're asleep! Here!

[*She shakes GWENDOLYN.*]

Wake up! Wake up now!

[GWENDOLYN *does not open her eyes.*]

Gwendolyn! Gwennie! Stop your foolin'! Now, don't you frighten Jane!

[*Thoroughly frightened.*]

Gwennie! Gwennie! What's the matter? Oo-oooh!

[*She takes out the bottle, looks at it, covers her front face, and dances away toward the trees.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Oh, what'll I do? What'll I do? Help! Help!
Police! Police!

GWENDOLYN

[Springing up, frightened.]

She's going after the Policeman! Oh, don't let him
get me! Don't let him get me!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

*[Reassuringly; putting an arm about
her.]*

Oh, that's all right. You see, I gave him a black eye!
And he's probably coming to match it.

JANE

[Calling from among the trees.]

Hurry! Hurry!

[She dances in and strikes an attitude.]

Look what Thomas is mad at!

*[The POLICEMAN enters, walking on his
hands. He halts, standing on his head.
One of his eyes is black.]*

GWENDOLYN

Oh! Oh! Isn't it too bad?

[To the POLICEMAN.]

That must tire you awfully.

THE POLICEMAN

I don't mind. All on account of Jane.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

And what makes it easier, he's got a level head.

THE POLICEMAN

[Proudly.]

So I have. So I have.

GWENDOLYN

Heels over head—on account of Jane? Have you taken a good look at her?

THE POLICEMAN

Why—why—

[He turns his head to look.]

GWENDOLYN

She's two-faced!

THE POLICEMAN

So she is! Well, in that case—

[He turns a somersault, landing on his feet. He wears a long, shiny club.]

GWENDOLYN

And she told me that you grab little girls and boys and carry 'em off.

THE POLICEMAN

Well, I do. But where? Why, I takes 'em to their fathers and mothers.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

You do? Oh! Then I'm not afraid of you.

[She puts out a hand to him. The ORGAN-GRINDER picks up the hand-organ.]

JANE

[To the POLICEMAN.]

See how cold her hand is!

THE POLICEMAN

Yes! Yes! Come, start the circulation.

[He slaps GWENDOLYN's hand.]

GWENDOLYN

[Gleefully holding out a hand to JANE.]

Yes, come! Start the circulation!

[The hand-organ plays a lively tune. The three circle, laughing.]

THE POLICEMAN

Stop! This won't do! We got to call some one!

[The ORGAN-GRINDER puts the hand-organ into the Face Shop.]

JANE

No, no!

THE POLICEMAN

Ain't anybody here?

JANE

Yes. In there at dinner.

[Points past the Face Shop.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

But, oh, I dassn't—I dassn't! Wait! Wait! I'll get Thomas.

[She dances away.]

THE POLICEMAN

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Ho! Ho! I'm glad I found *her* out!

GWENDOLYN

And I'm glad I know the truth about *you*.

THE POLICEMAN

Why, I love little kids. Here!

[With a bow, he offers her a stick of striped candy.]

Allow me!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, it's the chewing kind!

[She sucks at the stick heartily.]

THE POLICEMAN

And what's more, I protect blind folks, and all old people.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Coming over.]

Eh? How about old organ-grinders?

THE POLICEMAN

I guess you didn't give me this black eye for nothing.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Well, if you get another, I'll have to charge you for it.

[He goes to his Shop.]

JANE

[Dancing toward them.]

Sh! I got Thomas.

THE POLICEMAN

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

And who is Thomas?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

A footman—a big-eared footman.

[THOMAS enters. He stops at the Face Shop to pick a flower for his buttonhole. Again GWENDOLYN leans back with eyes closed.]

THE POLICEMAN

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

Did you sell him those ears?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Boxed 'em yesterday, and sent 'em to him.

[To THOMAS.]

See here, sir! I don't exchange goods that've been worn.

THOMAS

[Airily.]

My hears suits me first-clawss. Hi 'ears most things

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

that goes hon.—Jane, what's this you're tellin' me about 'er?

[*Leaning down to GWENDOLYN crossly.*]

Come, Miss, come!

[*He twitches her sleeve.*]

Git right hup!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Warningly.*]

Don't answer. You needn't mind him any more. He drops his h's.

THOMAS

[*Threateningly.*]

You git hup, or Hi'll bring the Bear.

JANE

Oh, yes, Thomas, bring the Bear. Maybe she'll pay attention to him.

[*THOMAS strides to the BEAR'S Den, from which come growls.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Sitting up.*]

Oh, he's loose!

[*She flies to the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Let him come.

THE POLICEMAN

I'll stand by you.

[*He suits the action to the word.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

All right, then, I'll *see* the Bear!

THOMAS

Come Bear! Come, Bear!

[Slaps a knee as if calling Rover.]

'Ere! 'Ere! 'Ere!

JANE

Now, you'll find out, Miss!

THOMAS

[Taking a footman's attitude and announcing.]

Mr. Bear!

THE BEAR

[Emerging.]

Rar-rar-rar-rar!

[He is a large replica of Puffy.]

THOMAS

No! No!

[Starts at him.]

We don't want you! You're not the one.

[Gives him a smart shove back.]

THE BEAR

[Resentfully.]

Now, you stop, Thomas. You stop!

[He waddles toward GWENDOLYN, smoothing his shaggy coat.]

I *won't* be treated like that! I simply won't!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Stepping forward.]

Why—why—!

THE BEAR

[Halts and bows, with one paw over his heart.]

Ah! The Poor Little Rich Girl, I see!

GWENDOLYN

Why, it's Puffy!

[She runs to him. They embrace. She kisses him fondly. To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

It's only my Puffy!

[JANE dances to THOMAS, and they confer. Holding the BEAR at arm's length.]

Oh, you dear Puffy! How are you?

THE BEAR

Oh, pretty shabby, thank you.

GWENDOLYN

I think you look splendid!

THE BEAR

[Moodily.]

Oh, well, that's because you look on the bright side of things. Bears *never* do. Rar-rar-rar!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Pointing to a ragged spot over his heart.]

Excuse me, but aren't you losing your pocket-handkerchief?

THE BEAR

[Shaking his head.]

No; that's my stuffing coming out.

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

[The POLICEMAN and the ORGAN-GRINDER show great concern.]

THE BEAR

I lost some cotton batting once before.

[Whispering.]

It was when *you* were teething.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I was so little!

THE BEAR

I know you didn't mean it. But really—I—can't—spare—any—more.

[He staggers to the mossy rock and sinks upon it.]

GWENDOLYN

[Cheerily, as she follows him.]

But we'll mend you, Puffy! We'll mend you! The shop's right here.

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

I'll take some stuffing, please, and a little fur to match.

[She waves a hand toward the BEAR.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Bowing.]

Madam, your order will have prompt attention.

[He goes to the Face Shop and hastily gathers some articles together.]

THE BEAR

Once I asked Jane to take me to the Doll Hospital.
—Rar-rar-rar!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Madam!

[He comes to GWENDOLYN.]

I regret very much that I am out of the articles you asked for, but here are others just as good.

[He holds out a nose and a cheek.]

GWENDOLYN

What! A nose?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Chanting.]

In place of—do as well—substitution.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, we can't use a *nose*!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Ah, well, then I'm afraid I must have help. This is a case that requires a doctor.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE POLICEMAN

That's right! We're losin' time!

JANE

A doctor? Oh, no! No!

THE POLICEMAN

[*Darkly; to GWENDOLYN.*]

Why is she afraid to call a doctor?

GWENDOLYN

You mean—he'd help?

[*The ORGAN-GRINDER nods, smiling.*]

All right. We'll call a doctor. Puffy, he'll fix you up.

THOMAS

[*To the POLICEMAN.*]

There's one right hin the dinin'-room.

THE POLICEMAN

Fetch him—quick!

[*GWENDOLYN seats herself beside the BEAR as THOMAS hurries away.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Proudly; to all.*]

You'll see! I made that doctor a *very* nice face.

JANE

[*To the BEAR.*]

Yes! But he'll cut out your appendix.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE BEAR

If he does, I hope he'll forget and sew in a sponge.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Chanting.]

Frequent—scientific—professional.

[The BEAR, JANE, and the ORGAN-GRINDER gather close about GWENDOLYN as the DOCTOR enters. He has on a riding-suit, and carries a long crop. Behind him follows THOMAS.]

GWENDOLYN

Why, it's the specialist!

[Nodding.]

Which hobby are you riding to-day?

THE DOCTOR

[Waving the others away.]

Fresh air! Fresh air, here! Fresh air!

[Anxiously.]

Little girl! Little girl!

[She gives him her hand. He feels her pulse.]

Jane, what have you been giving her?

[THOMAS and JANE show fear.]

Officer, there's something wrong here.

[To JANE.]

What have you given her, I say?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

[Dances close to THOMAS and attempts to smuggle the medicine bottle to him; it drops to the ground.]

Pick it up, Thomas!

[THOMAS reaches for the bottle.]

THE DOCTOR

[Springing forward.]

Hold on! I'll have a look at that.

[Seizes the bottle and examines it. The BEAR is faint. GWENDOLYN half supports him.]

THE POLICEMAN

Ah—ha!

[Shakes his club at THOMAS and JANE.]

THE DOCTOR

Good heavens! Did she have any of this?

JANE

I don't know a thing about it.

[The DOCTOR turns upon THOMAS.]

THOMAS

Nor me, neither!

THE DOCTOR

[To the POLICEMAN.]

It was bought at the corner.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE POLICEMAN

[Taking the bottle.]

I'll find out, sir. Leave it to me!—Give me a sharp eye.

[He goes to the Face Shop and helps himself to an eye on the end of a stick. It lights up. He flashes the eye about him as he hurries away through the trees.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I really ought to make him pay for that eye.

[Mumbles to himself as he rearranges the faces on the counter of the Shop.]

THE BEAR

You're lucky you don't have to pay *him*!

GWENDOLYN

[To the Doctor.]

We're forgetting Puffy. He needs a doctor.

THE DOCTOR

[Tenderly.]

The doctor's here, little girl; the doctor's here.

GWENDOLYN

You're a—a doctor?

THE DOCTOR

And I'm going to help all I can.

[He feels the BEAR's pulse.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

But—

[He goes to the Face Shop.]

There are some things I've got to have.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Anything in the face line?

JANE

[To the BEAR.]

He'll give you nasty medicine.

THE BEAR

What? Rar-rar-rar!

GWENDOLYN

No, Puffy, he'll give you bread-pills.

THE DOCTOR

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

Have you any bread-pills?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

I don't keep 'em, but I'll put a dozen in stock.

[He hurries toward the River.]

THE DOCTOR

[To JANE.]

Call her father.

JANE

Oh, Doctor!

[She dances toward the Face Shop.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Call her father!

[*To THOMAS, as JANE goes waltzing away.*]

My overcoat!

THOMAS

Yes, sir.

THE DOCTOR

The small case in the right-hand pocket. Bring it here.

[*As THOMAS hastens to obey, the DOCTOR seizes the BEAR by a paw and throws him toward the Soda Water stream, where the BEAR sits awkwardly, like a sawdust bear.*]

FATHER

[*Anxiously; as he hurries in, wearing the money-suit.*]

Doctor! Doctor! What has happened?

THE DOCTOR

I don't know. I came out here and found her delirious.

FATHER

[*Kneeling in front of GWENDOLYN.*]

Gwendolyn! Gwendolyn! Here's father, little darling. See!

GWENDOLYN

How do you do, sir?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Gwendolyn! This is father, little daughter,—father!
Oh, don't you know me?

GWENDOLYN

[*Dreamily.*]

Made of money!

[*She smooths a sleeve of the yellow coat.*]

I think I've met you before somewhere.

FATHER

[*Rising.*]

Doctor, she doesn't know me! She doesn't know me!

THE DOCTOR

There, there! Steady, old man!

[GWENDOLYN rises, and he measures her
with his crop as the ORGAN-GRINDER
comes puffing in, carrying a doctor's bag
full of bread-pills.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Here's a dozen—fresh from the oven!

FATHER

Doctor, how low is she?

THE DOCTOR

I'm measuring her.

[*The riding-crop lights up, showing de-
grees and height of mercury.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Ninety-seven and two-fifths.

[He shakes his head.]

FATHER

That's low!

THE DOCTOR

Too low.

GWENDOLYN

Yes, but I'll grow taller.

THE DOCTOR

It must come up! It must!

[He takes a bread-pill from the bag and offers it to her.]

Here, take one of these bread-pills.

GWENDOLYN

[Taking the pill and eating it heartily.]

Oh, it's awfully crisp and crunchy!

FATHER

[Touching her hand.]

It'll make you better, dear. Make my little girl better.

GWENDOLYN

[Shrinking from him and watching him as she goes to the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

It's too bad! This gentleman has come, and I don't remember who he is. Is he Sam Hill, or Great Scott?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Scratching his head.]

Well, I made him that long face.

[He stares at FATHER.]

Money—currency—cash.

FATHER

Doctor, what is she saying?

THE DOCTOR

She's seeing many strange things.

THOMAS

[Returning.]

Here you are, sir.

[He hands a small hypodermic case to the DOCTOR.]

THE DOCTOR

Here! Hold this.

[He gives the case to the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

Sh! Her mother!

[All turn as MOTHER comes hurrying toward them. Behind her walk five grey figures—two men, and three women.]

MOTHER

[Staring down at the bonnet she carries.]

Why, what has happened? What has happened?
Gwendolyn! Gwendolyn! My little daughter!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Timidly.]

Have—have I met you before?

[She curtsays.]

MOTHER

Doctor, she doesn't know me! Oh, what has happened!

[The Bee in the bonnet buzzes.]

GWENDOLYN

May I ask what you have in your bonnet?

MOTHER

[As if dazed.]

The Bee! The Bee!

[The buzzing is loud.]

GWENDOLYN

The Bee?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

She hears nothing else! She sees nothing else!

MOTHER

[Still staring at the bonnet.]

Oh, what a terrible thing! She was all right when I left her—such a little while ago!

[The Bee buzzes angrily.]

GWENDOLYN

She's very fond of the Bee!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Wagging his head sadly.]

Contemplation! Speculation! Perlustration!

GWENDOLYN

What kind of a Bee *is* it?

MOTHER

The Bee! A social honey-gathering insect.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, a Society Bee!

THEY

[In chorus.]

And the very latest fashion.

MOTHER

[Brokenly.]

The Bee! The Bee! The Bee!

THE DOCTOR

*[To FATHER, who has put an arm about
MOTHER comfortingly.]*

Don't you think you had better take her upstairs?

FATHER

Yes.—Come, dear! Come!

MOTHER

Come? Why, what do They say?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

They say! They say!

GWENDOLYN

They?

[*Crossing to THEY.*]

Are you They?

THEY

[*In chorus.*]

We are.

GWENDOLYN

How do you do, They?

[*She curtseys.*]

THEY

[*In chorus.*]

We do the proper thing.

[*They shake hands with one another, holding their hands very high.*]

I congratulate you! I congratulate you! I congratulate you!

GWENDOLYN

I'm glad to meet you. I've heard about you so often. And I've heard things you've said. Aren't you always saying things?

THEY

Saying things? Well, we get the blame, but the talking is done by the Little Bird.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I don't want to blame you.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THEY

[In chorus, while they point at one another.]

I blame him and she blames me. In that way we shift the responsibility. And as we always keep together, nobody ever knows who really *is* to blame.

FATHER

[To THEY.]

This is no place for her.

[He indicates MOTHER.]

Tell her so.

THEY

[Advancing.]

It isn't good form to stay here, Madam. People aren't doing it this year. Come!

[They gesture toward the stream of Soda Water.]

MOTHER

Yes! Yes! I'll go—I'll do whatever you say.

[The Bee buzzes.]

The Bee! The Bee! The social honey-gathering insect!

[She ascends the steep path.]

THEY

[In chorus, following.]

Well, people must know about this. Good day! Good day! Good day!

[THEY shake hands with one another as they go.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

My little girl, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

I'll bring her.

[*To GWENDOLYN, as FATHER follows
THEY.*]

Come!

GWENDOLYN

[*Holds out both hands.*]

I'm ready.

THE DOCTOR

Then come.

[*He walks beside her.*]

JANE

[*Barring the way.*]

Here! That child's in my charge, and she'll do nothin' of the kind.

[*She catches at GWENDOLYN.*]

THOMAS

[*To JANE.*]

We must git 'er away from 'im.

JANE

I know a way!

[*She points at the ground.*]

See! It's an automobile road! It's a *fine* automobile road!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

[*Darkly.*]

Ah, hit makes a difference, that!

JANE

Wait!

[*Calling across the pool.*]

Mo-tor! Mo-tor!

[*A motor-horn answers her.*]

Ah-ha-a-a!

GWENDOLYN

[*Frightened.*]

Oh, no, no! Oh, I don't want to be shut up in the car! And I won't! I won't! I won't!

[*As she falls back, a limousine advances to her swiftly and stops. It has no driver. It honks at her threateningly. Behind it enters the PLUMBER. The length of pipe over his shoulder now resembles a musical instrument.*]

JANE

Now, sweetie, rich little girls don't hike along the streets like common poor little girls.

[*She reaches out to seize GWENDOLYN.*]

GWENDOLYN

But I want to walk!

THE DOCTOR

[*Frantically.*]

This motoring must stop!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

Aw! go back to your hobbies! What do you know about kids? Come, Gwen; you're a-goin'.

[She takes GWENDOLYN by the arm.]

GWENDOLYN

[Holding back.]

Oh, please! Please!

THE PLUMBER

[Who is examining the car.]

Well, she *can't* go.

GWENDOLYN

It's the Piper!

JANE

[To the PLUMBER.]

What do you mean?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I *hope* something's wrong with the car!

THE PLUMBER

Wrong? You bet yer life! It's broke!

[Horried, JANE clasps both foreheads.]

Look who I got for my passenger!

[The BROKER steps out of the car, breaking a hinge of the door, which sags with a bang.]

THE BROKER

I'm his *broker*!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

Ya-ah! That's what comes of carryin' a Broker!

JANE

Yes. You broke it! But you didn't hurt yourself, did you?

THE BROKER

I take no chances!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Careful! Cautious! Commission!

GWENDOLYN

[To the BROKER.]

Oh, I'm so grateful to you!

[She curtseys.]

Now I won't have to ride.

THE BROKER

You're very welcome, I'm sure.

[He shakes hands with her, bowing.]

Very welcome.

[He crosses to the Face Shop; the ORGAN-GRINDER shows him a forehead.]

GWENDOLYN

[To the DOCTOR.]

Now, if we could only get rid of the car!

THE DOCTOR

Officer!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE POLICEMAN

I can help!

JANE

No, no!

THE POLICEMAN

[Shoving JANE aside.]

It can't resist a policeman.

[To the Motor; waving his club.]

Here, Motor, you're blocking traffic. Move on!
Move on!

[With loud blasts of the horn, the limousine rushes away into the Forest, while the POLICEMAN proudly takes his stand at the top of the steep path.]

THE DOCTOR

Ah-ha! That's the last we'll see of *that* car!

[There is a chorus of applause, in the midst of which the BROKER drops the forehead.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Oh! Oh! Oh! He's broken a forehead!

THE BROKER

Oh, I'm *so* sorry! I'm *so* sorry! It was purely accidental.

[He backs, knocking a wrench out of the PLUMBER's hand.]

THE PLUMBER

Say, you've broke me pipe wrench.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE BROKER

I'm so sorry!

THE PLUMBER

You'll pay for dat wrench.

THE BROKER

It was purely accidental, I assure you.

[He stumbles against the BEAR, who topples sidewise.]

Oh, I'm so sorry!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Doctor! Puffy!

THE DOCTOR

I'll fix him up all right. There!

[He thrusts the riding-crop into the BEAR's mouth, then feels his pulse.]

GWENDOLYN

Puffy, you're mended!

THE PLUMBER

[Staring at GWENDOLYN.]

Well, what do you know about dis!

GWENDOLYN

How do you do, Mr. Piper?

[She curtseys.]

THE PLUMBER

Well, if here ain't the P. L. R. G.!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, when did *you* come out?

THE PLUMBER

[*Gruffly.*]

I *didn't* come out.

GWENDOLYN

No?

THE PLUMBER

No. I got *run* out.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, but why?

[*JANE hides a double smile.*]

THE PLUMBER

Well, in town everybody's in debt. And nobody wants to pay the Piper. Anyway, I ain't never been popular.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Sternly.*]

You overcharge?

THE POLICEMAN

[*Calling down.*]

You made me pay too dear for my whistle.

THE PLUMBER

Why, hello, copper! Say! Yer off yer beat!

[*JANE titters as she comes waltzing up.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

What do you t'ink *yer* doin'? Singin' a duet with yerself?

JANE

I'm dancin' attendance.

THE PLUMBER

Them that dance must pay the Piper.

[He holds out his hand, and she pays him too little.]

No, you don't, ma'am! I'm a union man.

[She pays more.]

That's more like it.

THE DOCTOR

[To the BEAR.]

Now you're as good as new!

THE BEAR

Thank you! Would a little soda-water hurt me. Doctor?

[He waves a paw toward the stream.]

THE DOCTOR

We-e-ell—

GWENDOLYN

[Pleadingly.]

And I'm thirsty—*so* thirsty.

THE DOCTOR

Then drink.

GWENDOLYN

All I want to?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Sip! Lap! Tipple!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, soda-water!

[She runs with the BEAR to the pool, where they lean to drink. As she rises, a change is apparent. She comes to the DOCTOR and looks up into his face.]

Tell me—who is he?

THE DOCTOR

He?

[He takes her hand, covertly feeling her pulse.]

GWENDOLYN

The Man Who is Made of Money?

THE DOCTOR

That, little girl,—that is your father.

GWENDOLYN

My father?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

JANE

[Steps forward.]

You shan't bother your father!

THOMAS

It's 'is busy day.

[The POLICEMAN rushes down to drive the two back.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

Where *is* my fath-er?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Embarrassed.]

Where? Well,—er—the fact is, he's gone to the Land of the Lights.

GWENDOLYN

The Land of the Lights?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

You've heard that light grows?

[She nods.]

It's there that candle-light grows—the candles that burn at both ends.

GWENDOLYN

Is it far?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Out in a new addition—yes, addition, subtraction, multiplication.

[THOMAS and JANE whisper together.]

GWENDOLYN

[To the DOCTOR.]

Will you go with me?

THE DOCTOR

[Looking at his riding-crop.]

If you're tall enough.

[He measures her.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

I know who'll put a stop to this!

[*To GWENDOLYN.*]

You can't go without asking her, darlin'.

GWENDOLYN

Her?

JANE

Ah-ha! See what's up yonder in the grass!

[*She points up the steep path, whereupon
MISS ROYLE comes gliding down.*]

MISS ROYLE

[*Hissing.*]

Yes-s-s!

GWENDOLYN

The snake!

JANE

Ah-ah! I thought so!

MISS ROYLE

[*Out of sight among the trees.*]

Yes-s-s!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*To GWENDOLYN.*]

That old snake in the grass—she's the cause of a lot of your troubles. You must get rid of her, too.

THE DOCTOR

[*Reading the degrees on his riding-crop.*]

Ninety-seven!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

[*Advancing toward the trees.*]

Here's *more* comin' to me!

MISS ROYLE

[*Rising to meet him.*]

Sir, I have *not* been dancing.

THE PLUMBER

Well, what do you call that wrigglin' and twistin'?

MISS ROYLE

Oh, very well; take this.

[*She gives him money.*]

My neuralgia's been *much* worse to-day.

[*She puts a hand to her cheek. As she glides toward GWENDOLYN, the DOCTOR waves the riding-crop at her threateningly.*]

Which direction are you going, darling?

GWENDOLYN

[*Dreamily.*]

Oh, I'm—I'm just wandering.

[*She takes a step or two.*]

THE DOCTOR

Yes, she's—just wandering.

[*He puts an arm about her tenderly.*]

MISS ROYLE

Then I'll wander *with* you. Yes-s-s!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

Thomas!

THOMAS

To save hour jobs!

[He disappears among the trees for a moment, returning with a long, rough tongue, which he waves menacingly at the DOCTOR.]

You shan't pass this way!

THE DOCTOR

You forget whom I have at my command.

[To the POLICEMAN.]

Officer, blow your whistle!

[The POLICEMAN obeys.]

Blow it at the top of your lungs!

[The POLICEMAN places the whistle against his chest, and there sounds the loud blast of a river steamer—whereupon the KING'S ENGLISH appears at the top of the steep path.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

I am the King's English!

THOMAS

[Appalled.]

The King's Hinglish?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

I have the King's English at my command! *See his polished tongue!*

[The KING'S ENGLISH holds a shining tongue aloft.]

THOMAS

He'd better start no tongue-lashin', or Hi'll murder 'im! Hi'll murder 'im with me rough one! *Hi'll give you a tongue-lashin'.*

[The KING'S ENGLISH descends. And the two circle, looking for a chance to attack.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

I'm for her going up!

[He lashes out with the tongue.]

THOMAS

Hi'm for 'er stayin' down!

[He returns the blow.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Up! Up!

THOMAS

Down, Hi say!

[They cut at each other furiously.]

JANE

Use H-words, Thomas! Use H-words!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THOMAS

'Ack! And 'it! And 'ammer!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Hack, and hit, and hammer!

GWENDOLYN

[*To the KING's ENGLISH.*]

Put your best foot forward!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Breathing harder, as they circle.*]

H-words don't matter. I'm safe as long as his grammar doesn't get too bad.

THOMAS

[*Triumphantly.*]

Ah-ha!—Me and him will fight!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Panting.*]

He and I will fight!

[*They exchange blows.*]

JANE

[*Darkly.*]

Try your verbs, Thomas! Try your verbs!

THOMAS

I have went! I have went! I have went!

[*He delivers three lashes of the tongue.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Gasping.*]

Oh! Oh! I have gone! I have gone!

[*He strikes back, but weakly. The Doctor, the PLUMBER, the BEAR, the POLICEMAN, the ORGAN-GRINDER and GWENDOLYN show fear for the safety of the KING'S ENGLISH, but JANE and MISS ROYLE dance and wriggle with joy.*]

THOMAS

Hi done! Hi done! Hi done! Hi done!

[*He lashes the KING'S ENGLISH unmercifully.*]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Help! Help!

[*He tries to strike back, but cannot.*]

THOMAS

[*Swinging his rough tongue with renewed vigor.*]

Ho! Worser, 'n' worser, 'n' worser, 'n' worser!

[*The polished tongue falls from the trembling hand of the KING'S ENGLISH; he sinks to a knee.*]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Weakly.*]

I—I did!

THOMAS

Hi seen! Hi seen! Hi seen!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[Falling forward.]

I—I—saw! I—I—saw!

[He straightens out upon his back.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, he's murdered!

THE POLICEMAN

[Advancing upon THOMAS.]

You bought that medicine at the corner. I arrest you!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Taking down a long tongue from the wall of his Face Shop.]

Tongue-tie him! Tongue-tie him!

GWENDOLYN

Yes, tongue-tie him! Tongue-tie him!

[The POLICEMAN and the BEAR seize THOMAS and wind the long tongue about his body.]

THE DOCTOR

There, little girl, the way is clear. I'll take you to your father.

GWENDOLYN

To the Land of Lights?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*The ORGAN-GRINDER shoulders the hand-organ.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, but I want you, Puffy, and you, Mister Policeman, and you, Mr. Piper.

MISS ROYLE

[*Gliding forward.*]

And me? Yes-s-s!

GWENDOLYN

No!

MISS ROYLE

Yes-s-s!

[*To JANE.*]

I know *another* way.

JANE

Oh, hurry! Hurry!

[*MISS ROYLE glides out of sight, followed by JANE, dancing.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Bending down to the KING'S ENGLISH.*]

Good-bye, King's English, and thank you.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Sitting up.*]

Don't mention it, Miss. It's the hundredth time he's murdered me.

[*He rises, and limps away into the Forest.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*To the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

You'll come, too?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Yes, but wait! Here's something you'll need.

[*He takes the hypodermic-case from a pocket.*]

It's the finest thing in the world! Here, little girl, keep this stiff upper lip.

GWENDOLYN

[*Taking the case.*]

A—stiff—upper—lip?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Yes, you'll need it on your journey.

[*He begins to play. The music carries a note of weary wandering. GWENDOLYN holds out a hand to the DOCTOR. He lifts her in both arms and climbs the steep path. The ORGAN-GRINDER follows, and behind him come the BEAR, the PLUMBER, and the POLICEMAN.*]

GWENDOLYN

Good-bye, old Big Ears!

[*The Forest darkens. Up through the long grass, in pursuit of GWENDOLYN, glides MISS ROYLE, hissing.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

[Dancing behind MISS ROYLE.]

One, two, three, point! One, two, three, point!

[Blackness shuts down over the glade.]

SCENE 2: THE LAND OF THE LIGHTS

At first, all is rolling gray mist. The music of the ORGAN-GRINDER now sounds far-away, and hauntingly mysterious. Then a faint glimmer appears at one side, lighting up the faces of THEY, who steal on. As they speak, they move slowly across the Land, swaying rhythmically.

THEY

[Each of four speaking in turn.]

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

THE FIFTH

Whisper!

THEY

[As before.]

What do you think? What do you think? What do you think? What do you think?

THE FIFTH

Tell me!

THEY

I hardly know. I hardly know. I hardly know. I hardly know.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE FIFTH

I'm bothered!

THEY

Isn't it strange! Isn't it strange! Isn't it strange!
Isn't it strange!

THE FIFTH

Oh, very!

THEY

How did it happen? How did it happen? How did
it happen? How did it happen?

THE FIFTH

I can't imagine!

THEY

Do you think she will recover? Do you think she
will recover? Do you think she will recover? Do
you think she will recover?

THE FIFTH

Pull through?

THEY

One never can tell. One never can tell. One never
can tell. One never can tell.

THE FIFTH

Can one?

THEY

It's a pleasant evening, isn't it? It's a pleasant eve-
ning, isn't it? It's a pleasant evening, isn't it? It's
a pleasant evening, isn't it?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE FIFTH

Extremely!

THEY

Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!

THE FIFTH

[Finger to lip.]

Silence!

[As THEY sway from sight, the music of the ORGAN-GRINDER changes. Its note is no longer mystery, but grief and danger. Above it, GWENDOLYN's voice is heard, as she comes to the Land in the wake of THEY.]

GWENDOLYN

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, little girl,—here.

[A faint light shines on their faces. The DOCTOR is carrying her.]

GWENDOLYN

I couldn't see you. It's dark.

THE DOCTOR

Take hold of my hand. There, now, try to rest.

GWENDOLYN

I'll try.

THE DOCTOR

Rest—rest. The light will grow again. Rest—rest.

[They disappear into the darkness. The music grows louder, and more lively.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

The glimmer brightens. From near at hand comes the voice of the LITTLE BIRD, calling out like a newsboy.]

THE LITTLE BIRD

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw Street! Ux-tra!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[To the LITTLE BIRD.]

I sha'n't go any fawster! I sha'n't!

[He limps into sight, carrying a pouter-pigeon on his right fore-arm. The pigeon has a large white lump of salt on its tail. Across its full breast is a streak of black. The KING'S ENGLISH halts, panting.]

Well, go on, little bird!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw Street! Uxtra! Uxtra!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[Mockingly.]

Uxtra! Uxtra! I'm jolly well sick and tired of your precious talk.

THE LITTLE BIRD

Oh, you are?

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Yes, I am.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE LITTLE BIRD

Do you think I like this work?

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Talk! Talk! Talk! And never a rest!

THE LITTLE BIRD

It's not my fault, and you know it. *They* make me talk.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Night after night! Night after night!

THE LITTLE BIRD

If you hate it so much, why don't you take the salt off my tail?

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Take the salt off your tail?

[He limps a few steps.]

You had no business getting the salt *on* your tail.

THE LITTLE BIRD

I was under the window, and They threw it out.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[Sneeringly.]

Oh, you judged it was a crumb, I suppose?

THE LITTLE BIRD

What do you care what I "judged"? The salt lit on my tail, They caught me, and They've worked me like a dog ever since.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Oh, go on! Stick to business, and let's get through.
[*He limps forward again, and stops.*]

THE LITTLE BIRD

[*Calling.*]

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw Street! Uxtra! Uxtra!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Impatiently.*]

Well, which way?

THE LITTLE BIRD

Why do you ask? You know whom we're working for—They. Go on.

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Grumbling as he starts.*]

Yes, go on! With my lame leg?

THE LITTLE BIRD

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw Street! Cool! Cool! Cool! Cool!

[*They go. The music swells. The light grows. Four dim figures enter. The ORGAN-GRINDER leads, playing as if tired. Behind him come the POLICEMAN, the PLUMBER, and the BEAR, who carries the DOCTOR'S bag. The ORGAN-GRINDER stands the hand-organ upright, and stops turning the crank. He mops his fore-*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

head. The POLICEMAN passes him, peering about with the sharp eye. Suddenly the Land lights up, and a great field can be seen, in which are growing myriads of candles that burn at both ends.]

THE PLUMBER

My! My! But ain't there a fine crop this year!
[*There are murmurs of admiration and wonder from the others The BEAR shades his eyes.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Pointing.*]

That's the way they went.

THE PLUMBER

Sure! We're wandering the right way.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Anxiously; to the POLICEMAN.*]

But I don't see him.

THE POLICEMAN

[*Patrolling.*]

I'll keep this eye out for him.

THE BEAR

Oh, I'm tired! Rar-rar-rar!

[*He staggers a step or two.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

And I'm hungry. Here, Copper.

[He helps himself to several bread-pills, and tosses one to the POLICEMAN.]

Have a bread-pill!

[The POLICEMAN catches the pill, and eats it.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Discouraged.]

Not here! Absent! Elsewhere!

THE PLUMBER

Now, now, Grinder, don't worry about that money gent.

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

But I promised he'd be up here. These are his office hours. He ought to be making his ducks and drakes.

[All turn to look back as GWENDOLYN's voice is heard behind them.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Doctor! It's getting brighter!

THE PLUMBER

Here she comes!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, little girl; yes.

[He approaches, carrying her. She raises herself in his arms, and very gently he sets her upon her feet.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, the lights! The lights!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

This is where the lights go when they're put out at night.

GWENDOLYN

The candles that burn at both ends!

THE DOCTOR

[Sadly.]

Yes, yes!

GWENDOLYN

[Turning to the DOCTOR.]

Oh, we've come a long way, haven't we?

[All assent sadly.]

THE DOCTOR

[To the POLICEMAN.]

Her strength's giving out!

THE POLICEMAN

How much farther can she go?

THE DOCTOR

[Looking down at her.]

I'm afraid her little journey's almost done.

[There is a murmur of sorrow.]

GWENDOLYN

[Smiling.]

You mean—he's here?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[To the POLICEMAN.]

Where is her father?

[The POLICEMAN answers with a helpless gesture.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Uneasily.]

Yes, where? Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

THE BEAR

Rar-rar!

GWENDOLYN

[Anxiously.]

Doctor!

THE DOCTOR

There! there! He'll be here soon.

[To the POLICEMAN.]

Bring him in.

[The POLICEMAN goes, holding the sharp eye out in front of him.

To GWENDOLYN.]

Brave little girl, now!

GWENDOLYN

But I never could've gotten *this* far without a stiff upper lip.

THE PLUMBER

You're all grit, kid!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Pointing.*]

Oh, look! Look!

[*FATHER enters. Now he wears a harness, the tugs of which are fastened to a large machine that has a hopper and a wide chute. He bends forward laboriously to draw his load. His hands are full of bills. He looks across the field of candles. The POLICEMAN follows him.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*To GWENDOLYN.*]

See, little girl! Here is your father.

GWENDOLYN

My—my father?

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

[*He urges her forward gently. The PLUMBER follows, and observes FATHER's money greedily.*]

Speak to him.

GWENDOLYN

[*Clinging to the DOCTOR's hand.*]

If—if you think I ought to!

THE DOCTOR

Call him Father.

GWENDOLYN

[*Timidly.*]

Father!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

[*To the DOCTOR.*]

He doesn't look like my father!

THE DOCTOR

Oh, yes, yes!

GWENDOLYN

Father!

FATHER

[*Without looking at her.*]

My hands are full! My hands are full!

GWENDOLYN

[*To the DOCTOR.*]

Oh, that can't be my father! See his heavy load!

THE DOCTOR

We all have our burdens.

[*He holds up his riding-crop.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Nodding.*]

Hand-organ.

[*The POLICEMAN waves his club.*]

THE BEAR

Bag!

THE PLUMBER

Pipes!

[*FATHER feeds money into the hopper of the machine.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[*To GWENDOLYN.*]

Speak to him again.

GWENDOLYN

[*Timidly.*]

Father. Here I am.

[*She holds out her hands.*]

FATHER

[*Without looking at her.*]

Busy! Busy! I'll have time to see you when you're grown-up.

GWENDOLYN

Doctor, you just measure me. He thinks I'm little. But I'm not, *am I?*

[*She stands on tip-toe.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*Measuring her.*]

Ninety-six! Ah!

[*Frightened, he crosses to FATHER.*]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*To the BEAR.*]

Downward! Lower! Sinking!

[*Both show deep concern.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*To FATHER.*]

Brace up, man! Speak to her!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Feeding the machine.]

I can't bear it! I can't bear it!

[The quacking of the TEACHERS comes from the wide chute.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[To GWENDOLYN; explaining.]

I make faces; he's making ducks and drakes out of his money.

[As FATHER turns the handle of the money-machine.]

Look! Look!

THE DANCING MASTER

[Appearing from the chute, dressed as a drake.]

One, two, three, quack! One, two, three, quack!

THE FRENCH TEACHER

Quack! Quack! Parlez-vous Français? Quack! Quack!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Quack! Quack! Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Quack! Quack!

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Quack! Quack! Strike that chord! Quack! Quack!

THE TEACHERS

[Forming a line; in chorus.]

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!
Quack! Quack!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*To the ORGAN-GRINDER.*]

Oh, I don't like them!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Cavil! Criticism! Correction!

THE TEACHERS

[*Angrily.*]

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

[*As GWENDOLYN crosses toward FATHER, the TEACHERS snap at her viciously.*]

THE DANCING MASTER

Up on your toes!

THE FRENCH TEACHER

Oh, don't bozzer me!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Was für ein dumpf Kopf!

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Mind the metronome!

GWENDOLYN

[*To FATHER.*]

Oh, see them! See them! Don't make any more!

[*She turns to fly toward the DOCTOR.*]

Don't make any more!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE TEACHERS

[Angrily.]

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

THE DOCTOR

[Comfortingly.]

Sh! Sh!

[Severely, to the TEACHERS.]

There's too much noise in here.

THE PLUMBER

[To the DOCTOR.]

I'll get this bunch out.—Go on, you! Now, you waddle out of here! Shoo! Git!

[The TEACHERS refuse to obey; each appeals to FATHER, quacking loudly.]

Well, you're a greedy bunch! Git, I say! Git!

THE DOCTOR

[To the TEACHERS, as they start.]

You belong in the barnyard!

THE TEACHERS

[To the DOCTOR, very pointedly.]

Quack! Quack! Quack!

THE PLUMBER

Haw! Haw! That's one on you, Doc!

THE DOCTOR

Their opinion doesn't worry me!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE PLUMBER

[Picking up a stone and throwing it at the TEACHERS.]

Go on, you! Waddle out of here. Shoo! Shoo!

THE TEACHERS

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

[They go, the PLUMBER pursuing them.]

THE DOCTOR

Now, little girl.

[Again he urges her toward FATHER.]

GWENDOLYN

[To FATHER.]

Why do you work so hard? Don't you ever stop?

FATHER

Busy! Busy!

[He crams bills into the hopper.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Doctor, it's that!

[She points to the money machine.]

The poor man is harnessed to it!

FATHER

[Coming toward her.]

She doesn't know me! She doesn't know me!

THE DOCTOR

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Ah, yes. Poor father! You don't know him.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Turns to FATHER, looks, shakes her head and sighs.]

Maybe he is, but—

[She turns away.]

THE DOCTOR

[To FATHER.]

Ah! Something must be done! She mustn't go down another fifth of a degree!

FATHER

[Offering money.]

Doctor! Take this! Take this!

THE DOCTOR

What good will all your money do you now?

FATHER

But you'll help, Doctor! You'll help!

THE DOCTOR

I won't give up hope!

THE BEAR

Oh, for just one glass of soda-water!

THE POLICEMAN

Would a bread-pill help?

GWENDOLYN

[Faintly.]

Oh,—I—can't hold this any longer!

[She sways, dropping the stiff upper lip.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Picking up the lip.]

No, no, little girl! Keep it, keep it! Keep the stiff upper lip!

[He puts an arm about her, and puts the lip into her hand.]

THE DOCTOR

Oh, I have a solution!

ALL

[Eagerly.]

A solution?

THE DOCTOR

A salt solution!

THE POLICEMAN

A salt solution?

THE BEAR

A salt solution?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

A salt solution?

THE DOCTOR

A salt solution. It's the last chance!

GWENDOLYN

[Feebly.]

But—but—where will you get the salt?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

The salt? Wait!

[To the POLICEMAN.]

Blow your whistle.

[The POLICEMAN puts the whistle against his chest, and there sounds the loud blast of a river steamer. Instantly, from close at hand, comes the call of the LITTLE BIRD.]

THE LITTLE BIRD

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw Street!

ORGAN-GRINDER, BEAR AND POLICEMAN

[In chorus.]

The Little Bird!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Uxtra! Uxtra! Uxtra!—Coo! Coo! Coo!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[Limping into sight.]

Here, sir!

[He halts beside the DOCTOR.]

GWENDOLYN

[Stepping forward.]

Oh, how do you do, Little Bird!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE LITTLE BIRD

[Sulkily.]

Do? Huh! I do exactly—

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[To the LITTLE BIRD.]

Be careful, now! Mind your manners!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Let me answer, will y'?

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Go ahead.

THE LITTLE BIRD

[To GWENDOLYN.]

I have to do as They say!

GWENDOLYN

[To the KING'S ENGLISH.]

A pigeon!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[Sneering.]

A pouter-pigeon.

THE LITTLE BIRD

A carrier, sir! Carrier!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Ya-a-as, and what do you carry?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Talk! Gossip! Scandal!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Rawther!

THE LITTLE BIRD

No, sir! I carry news!

GWENDOLYN

[To the LITTLE BIRD.]

But you've told things against me!

THE POLICEMAN

[Warning her.]

Sh! We need that lump of salt.

[He points at it.]

THE DOCTOR

Little Bird, I think I can help you.

THE LITTLE BIRD

That's cheerful!

THE DOCTOR

I want that salt.

THE LITTLE BIRD

What?

THE DOCTOR

May I take it?

THE LITTLE BIRD

All of it?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, yes,—for her!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE LITTLE BIRD

Take it. I'd be delighted.

[The DOCTOR helps himself to the salt.]

Thank goodness, that's gone!

[He shakes his feathers.]

Hurrah! Hurrah! We don't have to work for
They any more! Cool! Cool! Cool! Cool!

*[The KING's ENGLISH and the LITTLE
BIRD make off gaily.]*

THE DOCTOR

[Offering the salt to GWENDOLYN.]

Now, little girl, will you take this for me?

*[GWENDOLYN looks at the salt, then up at
the DOCTOR. The POLICEMAN, the BEAR
and the ORGAN-GRINDER watch her anx-
iously.]*

Just a taste!

*[She takes the salt, tastes it, and makes a
face, as if the taste is unpleasant.]*

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Bitter pill! Gall! Wormwood!

*[Now a change comes over GWENDOLYN.
She looks toward FATHER, and seems al-
most to know him.]*

FATHER

Oh, Doctor, if she'd only know me again! Just for
a moment!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Why—why—

[Goes to him, lifting a puzzled face. He frees himself from the machine, and drops on one knee before her.]

FATHER

[Tenderly.]

Poor little girl! Poor little girl!

GWENDOLYN

Poor—little—rich—girl!

FATHER

Ah! yes! Poor little rich girl!

GWENDOLYN

I—I haven't seen you often, but—but I think I know you now.

[She holds out her hands to him, and he takes them in his.]

FATHER

My little daughter! My little daughter!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, you are! You are my father! You are!

[She throws her arms about him, sobbing.]

You are!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Oh, Doctor, she knows me! She knows me!

[He buries his face against her.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Consciousness! Understanding! Recognition!

[The ORGAN-GRINDER, the DOCTOR, the BEAR, and the POLICEMAN wipe their eyes.]

GWENDOLYN

[Drawing away from FATHER gently, and taking his face between her palms.]

Oh, father! It's so nice just to be with you! Oh, if I could only see you often! If I could only see you often!

THE DOCTOR

[Tapping FATHER's shoulder.]

A little too much excitement, I'm afraid.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, it's this, father.

[She touches the harness.]

Your harness! *Must* you wear it?

FATHER

Ah! The harness!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, take it off! Oh, yes!

[She pulls at the strap.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Yes! Yes!

[As he starts to divest himself of the harness, the BROKER appears and taps him on the shoulder. FATHER looks up, startled.]

THE BROKER

I am his Broker. Do you understand? His Broker!

FATHER

Ah!

[His arms fall to his side.]

THE BROKER

Haven't you forgotten some one?

FATHER

Forgotten?

THE BROKER

Her!

[He points a mailed hand.]

FATHER

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Ah, yes! I can't take off the harness till your mother—

GWENDOLYN

My mother?

FATHER

Till your mother gets rid of the Bee.

[The BROKER reaches to re-adjust the harness. Then he goes.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I want my mother! Where is my mother?

[She turns to the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

The place has a road around it, and some hobbies inside.

GWENDOLYN

Hobbies?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Yes. Madam follows They around Robin Hood's Barn.

GWENDOLYN

Robin Hood's Barn?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[Embarrassed.]

Exactly.—Nice day, isn't it?

FATHER

How low is she now, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

[Measuring GWENDOLYN.]

Ah! Ninety-six—and two-fifths!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I'm growing! I'm growing!

FATHER

[Drawing her to him.]

Come!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

To Robin Hood's Barn, father?

FATHER

Yes, dear, to Robin Hood's Barn.

*[As they go, the ORGAN-GRINDER plays,
and the music has a note of hope.]*

THE DOCTOR

Ah! We'll ride my hobbies yet!

*[He follows, with the POLICEMAN, the
BEAR, and the PLUMBER. The field of
candles begins to fade.]*

JANE

[Calling from near at hand.]

Oh, Gwennie! Oh, I can't go no further! Oh, wait!

MISS ROYLE

Stop your dancing!

JANE

[Waltzing into sight.]

Oh, what a night!

MISS ROYLE

Stop your dancing. Yes-s-s!

JANE

I'd rather wash dishes!

MISS ROYLE

Stop your dancing!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

JANE

I'd rather scrub floors!

MISS ROYLE

Stop your dancing!

JANE

I'd rather starve!

MISS ROYLE

Yes-s-s! Yes-s-s!

[They disappear. Again darkness shuts down.]

SCENE 3: ROBIN HOOD'S BARN

The strains of the hand-organ are full of tender longing. A faint light grows at one side. Into it, walking slowly, come GWENDOLYN and her father.

GWENDOLYN

Father!

FATHER

Be brave, dear. We'll soon be out of the woods.

GWENDOLYN

Is Robin Hood's Barn near, father?

FATHER

Yes, dear, right here! Rest—rest—rest!

[They go. Behind them, a score of trees, ranged in a semi-circle, suddenly show countless fruit-like globes of light. And

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

the Barn can be dimly seen—a picture-book structure, with a wide double door, and a small, square window that is set high up near the roof. Under the window, among some hollyhocks, is a huge rubbish-can. On the farther side of the door is a hollow log. Long, leafy branches bend down toward the Barn from either side. As the lights grow brighter, THEY appear, coming from behind the Barn, and move forward, shifting and swaying.]

THEY

[Each of four speaking in turn.]

Well, we've been around again. Well, we've been around again. Well, we've been around again. Well, we've been around again.

THE FIFTH

Around the Barn.

THE TEACHERS

[Calling from among the trees.]

Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack! Quack!

[THEY stare at one another in astonishment.]

THE PLUMBER

[Scolding at the TEACHERS.]

Hey! Move along! Shoo, there! Waddle, I say! Come! Hurry up!

[The TEACHERS appear, driven by the

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

PLUMBER, *whose hands are full of money.*]

THEY

[*Shocked.*]

What an unheard-of proceeding!

THE PLUMBER

Say, go on! Jolly up these swells!

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[*To THEY.*]

Bon jour! Quack! Quack!

[*She goes toward the door of the Barn.*]

THEY

[*Bowing.*]

Bon jour!

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Wie geht es! Quack! Quack!

[*She follows the FRENCH TEACHER.*]

THEY

Ganz gut!

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Pleased to meet you. Quack! Quack!

THEY

How do you do!

THE DANCING MASTER

One, two, three, quack! One, two, three, quack!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THEY

Your dancing is perfect!

[To one another.]

What very nice ducks! Such a competent and obliging staff!

THE PLUMBER

[Driving the TEACHERS through the Barn door.]

Hey! Go on! Go on! In you go,—and I hope the hobbies kick you to pieces!

THEY

[Catching sight of the PLUMBER's hands.]

Oh, what a lot of money you have!

THE PLUMBER

[Taking bills out of one pocket and stuffing them into another.]

Yep! You bet I have!

THEY

Yes, indeed! Quite a fortune! What are your plans?

THE PLUMBER

[Impudently.]

Don't let that worry you.

[He goes up to the door of the Barn, sits, and continues to count his money.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THEY

But where is that Bird? This is very curious! He's never been late before. And now, when there's so much to tell—!

[THEY stop suddenly, hearing the voice of the KING'S ENGLISH.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*Singing.*]

"Oh, Tommy, Tommy Atkins, you're a good 'un heart and hand—"

[*He limps on. Seeing THEY, he stops in the middle of a bar, and grins sheepishly. The LITTLE BIRD is fast asleep.*]

THEY

[*Horried.*]

Can we credit our senses?

[*The PLUMBER looks up.*]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

[*To THEY.*]

I—I fancied you wouldn't like it. Haw, haw! But—er—I'm under the painful necessity of telling you that henceforth the Bird—

[*He holds out his right arm.*]

—doesn't have to work for you any more.

[*The LITTLE BIRD snores.*]

THEY

Asleep?

[*The KING'S ENGLISH nods.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Back to your duty, Little Bird!

[The LITTLE BIRD snores again.]

THE KING'S ENGLISH

*[Coming to THEY and pointing at the
LITTLE BIRD's tail.]*

Please to notice.

THEY

[Falling back, aghast.]

The salt! Gone!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

And now for some much needed slumber.

*[He goes up to the Barn, seats himself
among the hollyhocks, and shuts his eyes.]*

THEY

[Sadly.]

Well, I suppose we must go around and tell it ourselves.

[THEY start away, chanting musically.]

Uxtra! Uxtra! All about the lubble-lubble in Aw
Street! Uxtra! Uxtra!

*[As they disappear from sight, the OR-
GAN-GRINDER and the BEAR enter, and
halt in an attitude of listening.]*

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Sh! Do you hear it?

*[There sounds the loud buzzing of the
Bee.]*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE BEAR

[*Nodding.*]

Rar-rar!

[*MOTHER appears from around a corner of the Barn, her look fixed steadily on the bonnet she carries.*]

MOTHER

The Bee! The Bee! The social honey-gathering insect!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Hurrying to meet her.*]

Madam! Stop for a moment!

THE BEAR

[*Imploringly.*]

Lady!

MOTHER

[*Scarcely pausing.*]

Not now! Not now! I must go around. The Bee!
The Bee! The Bee!

[*She follows* THEY.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[*Sadly.*]

The first to circle it were ladies who used feather dusters on the parlor furniture.

[*GWENDOLYN, the DOCTOR and FATHER now emerge from the woods. GWENDOLYN is walking.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Robin Hood's Barn!

FATHER

[To the DOCTOR.]

What strange ideas in this little head!

GWENDOLYN

[To the ORGAN-GRINDER.]

Oh, Mr. Man-Who-Makes-Faces, is my mother here?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

By-and-by. Presently. Later on.

GWENDOLYN

[To FATHER and the DOCTOR.]

Oh, my mother isn't here!

MISS ROYLE

[From among the trees.]

Yes-s-s! Yes-s-s! Don't worry mother.

GWENDOLYN

[Frightened.]

Oh, that snake has followed us!

THE DOCTOR

[To GWENDOLYN.]

Same old snake! But *we're* not afraid of it.

[MISS ROYLE glides into sight, simpering and hissing.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Advancing to meet her.]

What are you doing here?

MISS ROYLE

I want my darling Gwennie. Yes-s-s!

FATHER

Go away! You worry her.

[MISS ROYLE turns to leave.]

THE DOCTOR

Wait! I want to ask one question, Miss Royle.

MISS ROYLE

Oh, Doctor, it was all Jane's fault! Ask her, sir. She's here. Yes-s-s!

FATHER

[Calling.]

Jane!

[As all turn to look for JANE, MISS ROYLE steals away to the log, and disappears into it.]

JANE

[Breathlessly.]

Oh, laws! Oh! Oh!

[She comes waltzing forward weakly.]

I can't dance another step!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[*To JANE.*]

I want to know just how much of that medicine you gave the child.

JANE

[*Whining.*]

I didn't give her none!

THE DOCTOR

[*To FATHER.*]

Oh, if there were only some way to get at the truth!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Ladies and Gents!

ALL

Oh, the Little Bird!

THE LITTLE BIRD

I can tell you all about it.

ALL

Good! Splendid! Come here!

THE LITTLE BIRD

[*Pecking the KING'S ENGLISH on the cheek.*]

Wake up, English! Wake up!

[*The KING'S ENGLISH rises sleepily, rubbing at his eyes.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[Shaking a finger at JANE.]

The Little Bird is going to tell on you!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Ladies and Gents, now that the salt is off my tail, I'd like to make a clean breast of it.

ALL

[Applauding.]

A clean breast of it!

THE KING'S ENGLISH

Charmed, I'm sure!

[He produces a white handkerchief, with which he wipes the black streak from the LITTLE BIRD'S breast.]

There! Your breast is clean, Little Bird!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Doctor! Here! The child took one teaspoonful—

THE DOCTOR

[Horried.]

A teaspoonful!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Then Jane made her take another.

THE DOCTOR

Two! Oh!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Turning upon JANE.]

You wretched girl!

JANE

I never!

THE LITTLE BIRD

[To JANE.]

You hold your tongue!

[JANE thrusts out the tongue of one face and holds it.]

Doc-tor! Here!—It seems Jane was in the habit of givin' the little one quietin' drops to get her asleep early, and off her hands.

JANE

That ain't so!

THE LITTLE BIRD

You hold your other tongue!

[JANE obeys.]

Doctor! Doctor!—This medicine wasn't the usual kind. So Jane gave her an over-dose.

THE DOCTOR

Over-dose!

FATHER

Oh, how could she do such a terrible thing!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Because she's empty-headed.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Empty-headed!

[JANE makes an inarticulate denial.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Easy to prove!

GWENDOLYN

How?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Put a flea in her ear!

GWENDOLYN

A flea?

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

[To the BEAR.]

Puffy!

THE BEAR

Glad to oblige you.

[He scratches behind an ear.]

Rar-rar-rar!

[There is a tense wait. Then the BEAR finds one. The ORGAN-GRINDER takes it from him, and crosses quickly to JANE.]

THE LITTLE BIRD

You'll see! It'll go in one ear, and out the other!

JANE

[Letting go of both tongues.]

Say! What're you doin'?

[The ORGAN-GRINDER puts the flea into her ear. The DOCTOR watches the other.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

[Excitedly.]

Here it comes!

[Looking up among the branches.]

There it goes!

[With his professional manner.]

The operation was successful!

[There is general rejoicing.]

FATHER

[To JANE.]

You shall be punished as you deserve!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Make her dance. She can't last much longer.

GWENDOLYN

Mr. Piper!

JANE

Oh, no! No! Don't make me dance! Oh, I can't stand it! Oh!

THE POLICEMAN

Play a jig, Piper!

[The Piper plays.]

JANE

[Dancing weakly.]

Oh, Piper! Not a jig! Oh!

*[The DOCTOR and FATHER watch her.
The others join in the dancing gaily.]*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

ALL

Ah! Weaker and weaker!

JANE

Oh, shame on you! Oh!

ALL

Weaker and weaker!

JANE

Oh, I'm—worn—out! Oh! Oh!

[She stops, and sways from side to side.]

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Give her the last straw!

GWENDOLYN

Yes! The last straw!

[The ORGAN-GRINDER takes a straw from the KING'S ENGLISH and places it on JANE's shoulder. The BEAR catches her as she falls.]

GWENDOLYN

What shall we do with her?

THE BEAR

I'm going to throw her into the rubbish-can.

ALL

The rubbish-can!

[The BEAR throws JANE into the can and puts on the cover.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, she's gone! She's gone!

FATHER

[To GWENDOLYN.]

She'll never trouble you again.

THE DOCTOR

[Measuring GWENDOLYN.]

Ninety-seven!

*[The loud buzzing of the Bee again
sounds from beyond the log.]*

FATHER

Her mother must know!

[He starts away.]

GWENDOLYN

[To DOCTOR.]

Oh, my mother's coming!

THE DOCTOR

Yes, your mother is here, little girl.

*[MOTHER comes into sight as before.
THEY are walking behind her.]*

FATHER

[To MOTHER.]

Dear! Come!

*[He takes her hand, guiding her to
GWENDOLYN.]*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Oh, how is she? How is she?

FATHER

Speak to her.

MOTHER

[Holding out her hands.]

Oh, Gwendolyn, my little daughter!

GWENDOLYN

[With outstretched arms.]

Mother! Mother!—Ah!

[As their fingers are about to touch, the Bee buzzes. GWENDOLYN shrinks back.]

MOTHER

Oh, come to me, dearest! Let me put my arms around you. Come! Come!

[She holds out her hands again. The Bee buzzes angrily.]

GWENDOLYN

I want to come to you, but—

[She watches the bonnet in fear.]

MOTHER

Don't be afraid of Mother! You'll break my heart!

GWENDOLYN

I'm not afraid of you. It's—that!

[She points at the bonnet.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Doctor! She's afraid of me! Afraid of me!

THE DOCTOR

[*To MOTHER.*]

It's the Bee she's afraid of. Won't you give it up?

[*THEY show much concern.*]

MOTHER

It's a good Bee. The very best people like this Bee.

THE DOCTOR

[*To FATHER.*]

You ask her—for the child's sake!

FATHER

Ah, Doctor, I've never felt I could ask my wife to give up that sort of thing.

THE DOCTOR

[*To GWENDOLYN.*]

Then, little girl, *you* ask her.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother, how can you like it?

MOTHER

I like it for *your* sake.

GWENDOLYN

For my sake?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

You'll understand some day.

GWENDOLYN

You mean—it would help me?

MOTHER

Oh, yes. A mother with a growing daughter must think of this.

[As GWENDOLYN leans down to the bonnet, the Bee buzzes angrily.]

GWENDOLYN

[Shrinking.]

But, mother, it hates me! It hates me! See how it keeps me away from you!

MOTHER

But later on, when you're grown up—

GWENDOLYN

When I'm grown up! Now I know what terrible things it's done to me! It makes me ride in the motor, and keeps me from going to school with other girls and boys. And it won't let me sit at the grown-up table, or see father every day, or have you sing me to sleep. And oh, that doesn't matter so much, but, mother, it keeps father in harness; and he'll never get rid of the harness till you give up the bee. Oh, mother, give it up if you love me—if you love me!

[She bursts into sobs.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Oh, my little daughter! My poor little girl! I thought I was doing my best for you. And I was only making you unhappy. Well,—I'll put it aside.

[She sets the bonnet on the ground.]

THEY

[Shocked.]

Ah!

MOTHER

[Turning, and putting out her arms.]

Gwendolyn!

GWENDOLYN

Mother! Mother! Mother!

[They embrace.]

MOTHER

My dearest! My dearest!

[MOTHER and GWENDOLYN murmur to each other tenderly. THEY come forward swiftly.]

THE SECOND SOCIETY WOMAN

[To MOTHER.]

Madam!

[MOTHER lifts her head and, still holding GWENDOLYN, half turns to look at THEY.]

THEY

Madam! You're making a great mistake!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

[Drawing away from GWENDOLYN.]

What?

THEY

It's wiser to keep the Bee.

MOTHER

[Drawing farther away.]

The Bee! The Bee!

[She reaches out a hand to touch the bonnet.]

GWENDOLYN

No! No! Oh, don't look at it! Don't listen! Oh, mother, don't touch it!

[She clings to MOTHER.]

THEY

Don't make a scene. It's common!

MOTHER

[To THEY.]

She's closed my ears to you, too. I'll never hear you again.

THEY

But think of her future. She should go into the smartest little set.

MOTHER

Say what you like, I don't care! I'm through with the Bee. It's never brought me any real happiness.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

It's almost cost—her life. I give it up! I give it up! I give it up!

[She embraces GWENDOLYN.]

GWENDOLYN

Mother!

MOTHER

Dearest! They will never come between you and me again!

THEY

[Shrugging.]

We're not surprised. Just an ordinary country girl, with absolutely no culture.

[Each of four speaking in turn.]

Isn't she vulgar! Isn't she vulgar! Isn't she vulgar! Isn't she vulgar!

THE FIFTH

Horrid!

[The PLUMBER advances and stares down at the bonnet.]

MOTHER

Take it away!

THE PLUMBER

Take it?

[He thrusts both hands into his pockets, brings out large rolls of bills, puts them back, and picks up the bonnet. The moment he touches it, he is fascinated, and does not take his eyes from it.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Do I like it? Well, I guess! De Bee! De Bee!
De Bee!—Now, where's dem Ducks?

*[He opens the door of the Barn, and the
TEACHERS come filing out.]*

THE FRENCH TEACHER

[To the PLUMBER.]

Parlez-vous Français? Quack, quack!

THE PLUMBER

Learn me dat.

THE GERMAN TEACHER

Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Quack, quack!

THE PLUMBER

Yes, learn me Dutch.

THE MUSIC TEACHER

Quack! And my music?—quack!

THE PLUMBER

Yes, and music.

THE DANCING MASTER

Quack! One, two, three, quack! One, two, three,
quack!

THE PLUMBER

Yes, and dancin'.

[The KING's ENGLISH presses forward.]

No, you don't! No, you don't!

[He shoves the KING's ENGLISH back.]

I talk English good enough. Ha, de Bee! De Bee!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THEY

[Bowing to him.]

I congratulate you. I congratulate you. I congratulate you.

THE PLUMBER

Don't mention it.

THEY

[Each of four speaking in turn.]

Come! Come! Come! Come!

THE FIFTH

Follow!

THE PLUMBER

De Bee! De Bee! De Bee!

[THEY go, accompanied by the PLUMBER and the TEACHERS.]

FATHER

[To MOTHER.]

Well, dear?

MOTHER

Oh, take that off!

[Slipping a strap of the harness from his shoulder.]

You'll never wear it again. Not for my sake!

[The harness falls to the ground. FATHER and MOTHER embrace, while the BEAR tosses the harness into the rubbish-can.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Father! Mother!

[She clings to them.]

I wish we were home!

MOTHER

We'll go home, dearest.

THE DOCTOR

Yes, home! We'll ride my hobbies home!

GWENDOLYN

Hobbies?

FATHER

[To MOTHER.]

Come!

[The ORGAN-GRINDER strikes up a lively tune, the DOCTOR swings open the Door of the Barn, and the five hobby horses circle into sight. These resemble the hobbies of the merry-go-round.]

THE DOCTOR

[To MOTHER.]

Yes, come! Come!

[To the hobbies.]

Fresh Air! Exercise! Plain Food! Good Earth!
Warm Sun!

MOTHER

[To FATHER.]

We'll ride them together.

[They go up, hand in hand.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Fresh Air! Good Earth!

THE DOCTOR

Come! We'll ride!

[GWENDOLYN turns back to bid the ORGAN-GRINDER farewell, and MISS ROYLE comes gliding out of the log. The Doctor, the BEAR, FATHER and MOTHER mount the hobbies.]

ALL

Whoa, Good Earth! Stop, Fresh Air! Whoa,
Warm Sun! Whoa, Exercise! Plain Food!

GWENDOLYN

Good-bye, Mr. Man-Who-Makes-Faces! Good-bye!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Good-bye! You'll hear me again after a while.

GWENDOLYN

Good-bye!

[As she turns to enter the Barn, MISS ROYLE rises, hissing, and blocks the way.]

MISS ROYLE

Yes-s-s-s!

[She swings the Barn door to.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh! Oh!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MISS ROYLE

Yes-s-s! Don't worry mother! Yes-s-s!

GWENDOLYN

[Calling up at the window.]

Oh, Doctor! The Snake! The Snake! Help me!

THE DOCTOR

[Looking out of the window.]

Reach up! I'll pull you through!

GWENDOLYN

[Climbing to the top of the rubbish-can.]

Oh, can you?

THE DOCTOR

Yes! Yes! I'll pull you through! Come!

[He reaches across the sill and lifts GWENDOLYN into the Barn. A great shout goes up. The music swells. And out of the rear of the Barn rush the hobbies, each with its rider.]

FATHER

[Riding first.]

He pulled her through!

MOTHER

[Following.]

He pulled her through!

THE BEAR

He pulled her through!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

I've pulled her through!

GWENDOLYN

He pulled me through!

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Hurrah! Hurrah! He pulled her through!

[CURTAIN]

ACT III

GWENDOLYN'S NURSERY

The curtain rises on what seems to be Robin Hood's Barn. For there, ranged in a semi-circle, are the trees with the fruit-like globes of light. But now the trees are very small. Among them is a single light that is larger than any one of the tiny globes. It is a night-lamp, burning on a bed-side table. Beside the lamp is a clock.

The tree-lights fade and go, leaving only the night-lamp. Then the trees are seen to be the dado on a wall. Next, the outlines of a bed show. The bed has a canopy, and this top of pleated silk very remotely suggests the roof of the Barn. Near the head of the bed is a window; close to its foot is a door. Curtains of cretonne are drawn across both window and door, and the foliage of their pattern is not unlike the long leafy branches that bent down to the Barn from either side. Between the bed and the door is a couch. At one end of the couch stands a globe, while scattered about on it, among some pillows, are several toys: An English soldier in a scarlet coat and a busby; a jointed snake; a uniformed man who stands on his head; and four small yellow ducks. Beside the toys is a dictionary; also, the merry-go-round.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

A dressing-table stands near the window. On it are a Doctor's bag, a hypodermic case, and a glass in which is some colorless liquid. Beside the glass is a spoon. Towels are scattered about over the dresser. Three silent figures are waiting in the dim light by the bed. And on the bed is a little figure—very still. Suddenly the curtains of the window are drawn aside by the DOCTOR, who is in evening-dress, but has his coat off and his sleeves rolled up. The light of early morning floods the room, and shines into the anxious faces of FATHER and MOTHER, who are standing at the foot of the bed, leaning to watch GWENDOLYN. Her face is turned away from the window. Her eyes are shut.

A moment, and she moves. With a deep, sobbing breath, MOTHER draws back from the bed. And FATHER puts his arms about her, as if to quiet any outburst. He watches the DOCTOR, who makes a quick movement toward GWENDOLYN, and a warning gesture for silence. Gently, FATHER leads MOTHER farther away. She hides her face against his breast. The DOCTOR listens to GWENDOLYN's breathing, using a stethoscope. He feels her pulse. Then leaves the bed, watching back as he goes. MOTHER's face is still hidden. FATHER's eyes are averted. The DOCTOR comes to them, and touches FATHER's arm. As FATHER and MOTHER turn to him in agonized inquiry, he smiles his good news.

MOTHER

Oh, my baby! My baby! My little one! My dearest!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

Sh! Better, dear; better.

[He pats MOTHER'S shoulder, facing away from the DOCTOR to hide his tears. The DOCTOR brushes at his own eyes. Then, as FATHER and MOTHER turn to him again, he grasps each by a hand. They thank him silently. He motions them toward the bed. They steal to it, and again lean to look at GWENDOLYN. Across from them bends the DOCTOR. There is a moment's wait. Then GWENDOLYN sighs. MOTHER and FATHER exchange quick looks, smile and clasp each other by the hand. The DOCTOR nods happily, and takes GWENDOLYN'S hand. She opens her eyes, looks past him, then sees FATHER and MOTHER.]

THE DOCTOR

Well, little girl?

[Her glance comes back to him. He raises her slightly by raising the pillow under her head.]

GWENDOLYN

[Smiling faintly.]

You—pulled me through!

MOTHER

[Kneeling and burying her face in the covers of the bed.]

Oh, my baby! My dearest!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[*Gently to MOTHER.*]

This won't do, dear.

[*The DOCTOR feels GWENDOLYN's pulse.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Anxiously.*]

Mother!

[*She reaches to touch MOTHER's hair.*]

Why do you feel bad?

THE DOCTOR

[*Hastily.*]

Mother's crying because she's happy.

MOTHER

[*Smiling through her tears.*]

Oh, so happy, dear! So terribly happy! Just to know I've got you, my brave little daughter!

FATHER

And father never *was* so happy!

THE DOCTOR

We're all pretty happy, eh? Now tell me—just how does my small patient feel?

GWENDOLYN

Well, I—I feel hungry.

[*ALL laugh with relief. MOTHER rises.*
FATHER rushes to touch a bell.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Oh, that's a fine sign!

MOTHER

Oh, what would you like, my dearest? Doctor, what can she have?

THE DOCTOR

Anything simple will do.

FATHER

Potter will have something ready.

THE DOCTOR

[Taking out a thermometer.]

Now, until your breakfast gets here—

GWENDOLYN

Oh, you want to measure me!

THE DOCTOR

Well, you might call it that.

[He puts the thermometer into her mouth.]

I'm afraid there can't be any more talking for a minute.

[GWENDOLYN looks across at the toys on the couch.]

FATHER

Do you want your toys, dear?

[GWENDOLYN nods.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

Well, here's your soldier man.

[GWENDOLYN *examines the soldier curiously.*]

MOTHER

And here's your policeman.

[GWENDOLYN *stands the Policeman on his head.*]

FATHER

And here's your ducks, and your snake.

[GWENDOLYN *seizes the snake and throws it from her. FATHER and the DOCTOR nod at each other, understanding.*]

MOTHER

And here's the new one father got.

[*She brings the merry-go-round. GWENDOLYN puts out a finger and sets it to circling.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Forgetting the DOCTOR's orders.*]

Wobin Hoo's Bar—

[*The thermometer falls to the coverlet. She catches it up and restores it to her mouth.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*Shaking a finger.*]

No talking!

[GWENDOLYN *begins to look about her,*

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

searching. The others follow her look. Suddenly the DOCTOR catches sight of the Teddy bear behind a pillow. He gives it to her, and she clasps it to her breast.

POTTER enters softly, watching GWENDOLYN anxiously. His face is drawn, his clothes are disheveled, and have not been changed since the previous evening.]

POTTER

[Whispering to FATHER.]

How is she, sir?

FATHER

Ready for her breakfast, Potter!

POTTER

Oh!—Good morning, Miss Gwennie.

[He bows, wiping at his eyes. GWENDOLYN nods to him, while FATHER gives him an order in a low voice. The DOCTOR comes to read the thermometer.]

THE DOCTOR

Um! Better.

[POTTER goes, smiling back at GWENDOLYN happily, and wiping his eyes.]

MOTHER

How high is it now, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Just right.

[He hands the thermometer to FATHER, who shows it to MOTHER.]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Do you mean I'm taller?

THE DOCTOR

Well, you're just as high as I want you to be.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, the sun is up!

MOTHER

[Going to draw aside a curtain.]

Do you want to see the sky, dear?

GWENDOLYN

Father, is it always the same piece of Heaven there through the window?

FATHER

No, dear.

[He turns to the globe.]

The earth is turning, like your globe; and every moment you see a new square.

GWENDOLYN

Oh! It's as blue as the sky at Johnnie Blake's!

THE DOCTOR

And now that I've got a breathing spell, I think I'd better see about getting a good nurse.

GWENDOLYN

[startled.]

A nurse?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Yes.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, be sure to look at the back of her head!

THE DOCTOR

We'll examine her very carefully.

FATHER

[Anxiously.]

Doctor, do you think the delirium—?

THE DOCTOR

Don't worry. Things are pretty real to her, that's all.

[He starts to go.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, Doctor!

[He stops.]

Are you going away?

MOTHER

Just downstairs, dear.

THE DOCTOR

[Coming back.]

You like *this* Doctor, don't you?

GWENDOLYN

Oh, yes! I'm never going to be afraid of doctors any more, nor policemen either.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

That's right.

[*Taking FATHER aside.*]

Some of the poison that Jane gave didn't come out of a bottle.

FATHER

Poison?

THE DOCTOR

Jane fed her liberally on the worst poison of all—*fear.*

[*POTTER enters with a tray, on which is a covered silver dish.*]

Ah! here's breakfast already!

[*The DOCTOR goes out.*]

POTTER

I was getting this ready for you, Madam.

[*He carries the tray to GWENDOLYN.*]

GWENDOLYN

[*Sniffing.*]

M'm! It smells good!

MOTHER

[*To FATHER.*]

Isn't it splendid that she has an appetite!

FATHER

Father feels like going out and running up a flag!

GWENDOLYN

What have you brought me, Potter, please?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

POTTER

Ah, dear.

[Uncovering the silver dish.]

It's a little bird.

GWENDOLYN

[Draws away, staring at the tray.]

A little bird!

POTTER

Piping hot from the broiler.

MOTHER

Oh, so plump and tender and brown!

GWENDOLYN

Er—what kind of a bird is it?

POTTER

It might be a plover, or a quail.

GWENDOLYN

[Taking a fork to poke the bird.]

It might be a—a talking bird.

[FATHER laughs.]

MOTHER

Oh, no, dear!

FATHER

Try a bite of it.

POTTER

Likely as not it's a pigeon.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

[*Startled.*]

A pigeon?

[*She lays the fork down and pushes the tray away.*]

Oh,—I couldn't eat a pigeon!

FATHER

[*Motioning POTTER away.*]

Something else, Potter. Something else.

POTTER

[*Going.*]

Broth, sir?

FATHER

Yes.

POTTER

[*From the door.*]

The gentleman who called last evening on business, sir, is downstairs.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, the broker!

FATHER

Well, I don't propose to miss this breakfast-party. Gwennie, may I see him up here?

GWENDOLYN

Why, yes!

FATHER

Ask him to step up here, Potter.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

POTTER

Yes, sir. Broth, yes; yes, broth!

[He hurries out, beaming.]

GWENDOLYN

[Reaching for the ducks.]

Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Quack, quack! Parlez-vous Français? Quack, quack! Quack! Don't bother me! Quack! quack!

FATHER

Those teachers will never bother you any more. I know a little girl who's going to day-school.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, day-school!

FATHER

Yes; and if any questions come up at home, I'll answer them myself.

GWENDOLYN

Will you, father?

FATHER

Indeed, I will.

GWENDOLYN

Then— would you please tell me, *what* is the meaning of absquatulate?

FATHER

What, dear?

GWENDOLYN

Absquatulate.

[Scratching his head. To MOTHER.]

Dear,—absquatulate?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

I didn't know there *was* such a word.

FATHER

Where's your dictionary?

[*He goes to the couch. The whistle of a steamer sounds from the river.*]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother, there he is! There he is!

MOTHER

[*Looking out.*]

Who, dear?

GWENDOLYN

The policeman! Oh, mother!

MOTHER

That's not a police whistle, dear.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, it's *his* whistle, when he blows at the top of his lungs!

[*The music of a hand-organ is heard in the distance.*]

MOTHER

Well, I don't see him, but the organ-grinder is there.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother, wave to him.—Father, he's made you a very happy face.

FATHER

Yes, dear.

[Intent on the dictionary.]

A—b—Ab; A—b—Ab.

[Handing MOTHER the dictionary as POTTER shows in the BROKER.]

Dear, there are the Abs.

THE BROKER

Good morning!

FATHER

Oh, good morning!

[They shake hands.]

THE BROKER

I'm terribly sorry to hear about this.

FATHER

She's coming on splendidly.

THE BROKER

Well, that's good.

[He looks at his watch.]

I'm a few minutes late, I'm afraid.

FATHER

Doesn't matter. I'm not going down town to-day.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE BROKER

What? But that loan!

FATHER

I'm not going to make it.

THE BROKER

Good heavens, man! You're not in earnest! You *can't* be!

FATHER

Oh, yes, very much in earnest. When those fellows are through with me, there'll be enough left to carry out—

[He looks at MOTHER.]

—our new plans. Eh, dear?

MOTHER

Yes.

[The BROKER, appalled, leans on the globe.]

GWENDOLYN

[Frightened.]

Father!

[FATHER crosses to her.]

My globe! My globe!

[FATHER returns to take up the globe and bring it to her.]

THE BROKER

But I don't think you fully realize just what this step means to you.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

FATHER

[Going to him.]

Let me tell you something: For twelve solid hours we've been fighting here to shove Death back and back—out of this room. Some of us have to face death before we learn what is really precious in life.

THE BROKER

I—I think I understand. Well,—good morning!

[He bows to MOTHER, who bows in return.]

FATHER

Good morning.

[He shakes hands with the BROKER.]

GWENDOLYN

Good morning.

[The BROKER goes out as the DOCTOR enters, reading a prescription pad, and smiling.]

FATHER

Doctor, that must be a cheerful prescription.

THE DOCTOR

[Without looking up.]

The country is always cheerful.

GWENDOLYN

Does the Doctor mean Johnnie Blake's?

THE DOCTOR

I *prescribe* Johnnie Blake's.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother!

[POTTER enters with a tray, which holds a steaming bowl. He takes the tray to GWENDOLYN and holds it for her, smiling broadly all the while.]

FATHER

[To the DOCTOR.]

You're giving me full instructions about what I ought to take along for her?

THE DOCTOR

[Seated, and writing.]

Take some gingham dresses, with plenty of extra pieces for patches, and one dull garden hoe.

[FATHER laughs.]

And a bottle of three and a half per cent tincture of iodine.

FATHER

[Puzzled.]

Iodine?

THE DOCTOR

Good for blackberry scratches.

[Rising and crossing to GWENDOLYN.]

Perhaps you'd like to listen to this prescription, young lady?

GWENDOLYN

I—I hope it won't taste bad?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Absolutely tasteless, and I've arranged for a different kind every week. Shall we hear it? All right.

[*Reads.*]

First week: Take every day one hour quiet driving in the sun, also one hour out-door napping. Mix both well with listening to bird songs.

GWENDOLYN

Why, that isn't medicine!

THE DOCTOR

Oh, yes, it is—the very best *kind* of medicine! I insist that it be administered regularly. Second week: One hour every day gathering flowers, one hour riding fat pony—

MOTHER

[*Laughing.*]

Fat pony!

THE DOCTOR

Add to these, sitting on grassy bank while you fish.

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

THE DOCTOR

Third week: One hour chasing butterflies, assisted by one large, good-natured, ordinary, long-haired dog.

GWENDOLYN

Rover!

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

Exactly. Also one hour making mud-pies.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, I love mud!

THE DOCTOR

Then double the dose! Alternate with climbing hills, hat down back on string. For lung development—let me see! We'll have some tom-boy yelling twice a day; also a judicious amount of going barefoot.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, barefoot!

MOTHER

Mother went barefoot when she was a little girl.

GWENDOLYN

[*To the DOCTOR.*]

And, oh, may I scuff in the dirt?

THE DOCTOR

Dear me! I prescribe scuffling, and also suggest that you wade the creek.

MOTHER

Oh! When can we go, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

The sooner, the better.

GWENDOLYN

[*Eagerly.*]

Oh, mother! This afternoon?

[*ALL laugh.*]

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

THE DOCTOR

I'd like to see you again this afternoon, and a couple of times to-morrow.

MOTHER

Just as soon as my precious little daughter is strong enough.

[*GWENDOLYN falls to eating. The Doctor takes up his bag, preparing to go.*]

THE DOCTOR

[*To MOTHER.*]

Good-bye.

MOTHER

[*Holding out her hand.*]

Doctor, you brought her into the world, and now you've kept her here!

THE DOCTOR

We fought for her together.

MOTHER

[*Brokenly.*]

She was nearly lost through me!

FATHER

Nonsense!

MOTHER

Ah, I know! As I listened all night to those wild little cries, those queer, queer things she called—my baby!—I saw myself as the kind of mother I am. I

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

trusted her life to strangers. Why, I scarcely knew Jane's last name.

FATHER

I'm going to share the blame. I never even took a good, square look at Jane.

GWENDOLYN

Doctor?

THE DOCTOR

Yes, dear?

GWENDOLYN

What is a square look?

THE DOCTOR

A square look? Well—er—

[He bows to FATHER.]

FATHER

Well, it isn't really square like the top of a table.

GWENDOLYN

Oh!

FATHER

It's the sort of a look that a good father gives the people he hires to take care of his small daughter.

GWENDOLYN

Ah!

THE DOCTOR

Good-bye, little girl.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Good-bye. And, oh, thank you for letting me ride a hobby.

THE DOCTOR

I'll have you riding all my hobbies yet.

[FATHER conducts the DOCTOR to the door.]

MOTHER

[As POTTER is about to go.]

Potter, you know what we'll need in the country. I'll leave all that to you.

POTTER

Very well, Madam.

[He bows and crosses the room.]

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother, may I take Puffy?

MOTHER

Of course.

FATHER

And, Potter,—

[POTTER halts.]

—we'll take the dictionary!

MOTHER

And after this, put a chair for Miss Gwendolyn at our table.

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

GWENDOLYN

Oh, mother!

[POTTER goes.]

Oh, mother, I'm so glad you've gotten rid of that—that Bee!!

[MOTHER looks down, embarrassed.]

FATHER

Little daughter,—

GWENDOLYN

Yes, father?

FATHER

We shan't speak of that bee any more, shall we?

[MOTHER goes to him. He kisses her.]

We're going to be happy, the three of us, and whatever stands in the way of that will have to get out of the way!

GWENDOLYN

Oh, it's so nice to have you both in the nursery with me, and not in a hurry to go! Oh, I was tired of pretending it.

MOTHER

Pretending!

FATHER

Mother and I are tired of pretending, too. Aren't we, dear?

MOTHER

[Kneeling beside the bed.]

Oh, darling, mother never guessed how lonely your poor little heart was. But, oh! I never forgot you—

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

believe that, dearest. I loved you all the time. And I'll never leave you again. Never! Never! Only forgive mother, and she'll make it all up to you, my baby! All the little heartaches—all of them! All of them! I'll make them up. I will! I will!

GWENDOLYN

Don't cry! Oh, mother, don't cry! Father, tell mother not to cry,—or I'll cry, too!

FATHER

[*To MOTHER.*]

Now! Now! This isn't good for her.

MOTHER

[*Smiling through her tears.*]

I know. I won't cry any more.

FATHER

Now, I know a certain little girl who must have some sleep.

GWENDOLYN

Me?

FATHER

Yes, you.

[*He draws the curtains across the window. The room darkens.*]

MOTHER

Try, darling! And, oh, have happy dreams!

GWENDOLYN

Will you sing to me, mother, on this side?

THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

MOTHER

Yes, dearest. Mother will sing to you.

GWENDOLYN

Oh, father,—mother, the Dearest Pretend has come true!

[FATHER *leans to arrange her pillows.*]

MOTHER

[*Sings.*]

“Sweet and low—

Sweet and low—

Wind of the Western sea—”

[As the orchestra takes up the melody, the back of the nursery becomes transparent. Through it, across the bed where a little form lies sleeping,—watched on either side by a quiet figure—can be seen a grassy, wooded slope, and FATHER with a fishing pole; MOTHER in a simple outdoor dress; POTTER, carrying a hamper; JOHNNIE BLAKE, a bare-legged boy, wearing overalls and a torn hat; and GWENDOLYN,—at her side, ROVER.]

[CURTAIN]

"WE ARE SEVEN"

[THE PLAY THAT WOMEN LOVE]

BY ELEANOR GATES

Author of "*The Poor Little Rich Girl*," "*Swat the Fly!*" etc.

Peter! Diantha! William! Thomas! Phoebe! Frederick! Hope!

"Seven!" gasped Doctor Fanny. "You reckless woman!"

But Diantha didn't agree. (She was twenty, just out of college, and possessed an unfair amount of good looks.) Never mind the high cost of living. Seven *wasn't* too many. And she not only had them named, but all their professions were picked out for them — *and a lot of their clothes were made!*

Seven little shadows around the house!

"And, oh," wailed Auntie, "she isn't even engaged!" (Poor Auntie! No wonder she consulted a lawyer. And no wonder Col. Avery advised marriage.) But what lawyer could cope with that d—— and d—— idea? Or with a nephew with too much imagination — and a "poker face"

Well, it was all bound to end where it did. Oh, *oh*, what a girl!

WHAT THE CRITICS SAID ABOUT IT:

"A brilliant and whimsical farce."—*Drama League, New York.*

"Admittedly contains more laughs than anything seen on the boards this season."—*Wesley Hamer, New York American.*

"Many of the lines would grace the best work of Shaw or Wilde."—*Drama League, Philadelphia.*

"WE ARE SEVEN wins by its wit and originality. It is a novelty and a treat."—*Acton Davies, New York Evening Sun.*

"WE ARE SEVEN was a good farce all the time — clever and amusing — and made us laugh tinklingly and ringingly."—*Alan Dale, New York American.*

"There are so few writers of good farce, and in particular so few writers of polite farce, that it is a pleasure to call attention again to Eleanor Gates."—*Burns Mantle, New York Mail.*

"It is a farce taken right out of the air that people who read newspapers and magazines are at the moment breathing, written with cleverness and the breeziest humor, yet with warm human feeling and complete good taste."—*Arthur Ruhl, New York Tribune.*

Three color jacket by Everett Shinn

Cloth, 12 mo. Net, 75 Cents.

THE ARROW PUBLISHING COMPANY

450 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK

"SWAT THE FLY!"

BY ELEANOR GATES

Author of "*The Poor Little Rich Girl*," "*We Are Seven*," etc.

THE ungrateful little villain! What was it the Dog said about him, there in the dusk of the Garden? "It's only *because* you're so little that you've lived so long!" True! "As true," said the Monkey, "as there's milk in cocoanuts!"

You wouldn't let a rattlesnake come into your house. You wouldn't entertain a tiger. Yet this Fly has warmed himself at your fire, eaten at your table, slept under your roof. And all the while he was plotting with his relatives to kill you!

Now he's shown up! — in this one-act play, whimsical, tragic and fantastic. Read what he has to say for himself!

"In '*Swat the Fly!*', the ill deeds of that beast are depicted as dramatically as were the animals in Miss Gates's play '*The Poor Little Rich Girl*.' It is to be recommended particularly to anti-vivisectionists, but it is so entertaining that all types of humans could profitably either see or hear it."

Norman Hapgood in *Harper's Weekly*.

"'*Swat the Fly!*' by Eleanor Gates should be read by everybody. The medical profession will undoubtedly be enthusiastic about it, for it aims to make the same points that the doctors are making. It should be on every waiting-room table, and in every library."

Dr. William J. Robinson, editor, *Critic and Guide*.

"I think it is one of the most effective pleas in behalf of the only known method of progress, in scientific medicine, that I have ever seen."

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, president-elect, American Academy of Medicine.

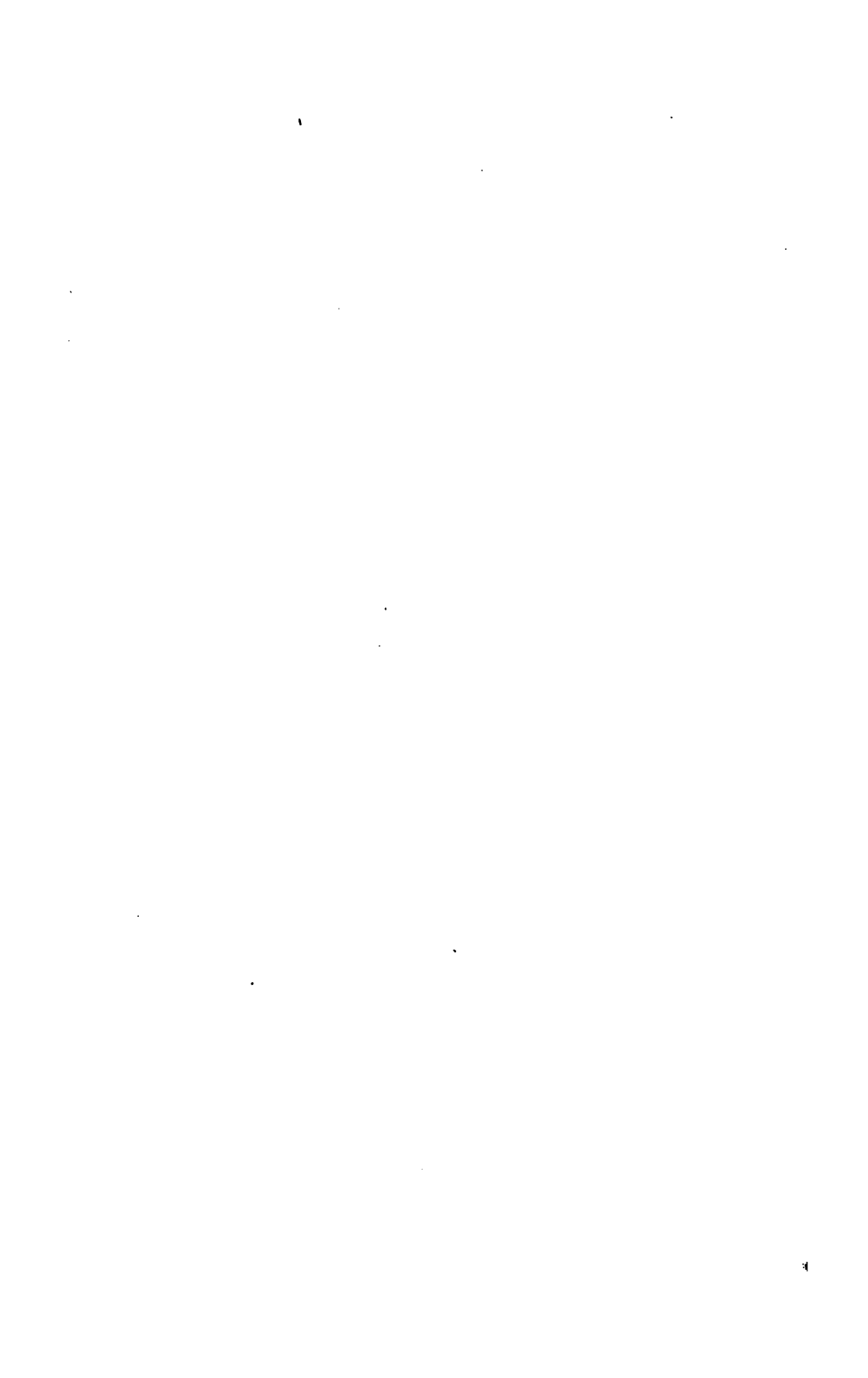
"Dear Miss Gates: I wish I had been able to produce '*Swat the Fly!*' before I left the Princess Theatre. I am very glad it is to be published, and I hope it will be read by everyone."

Holbrook Blinn.

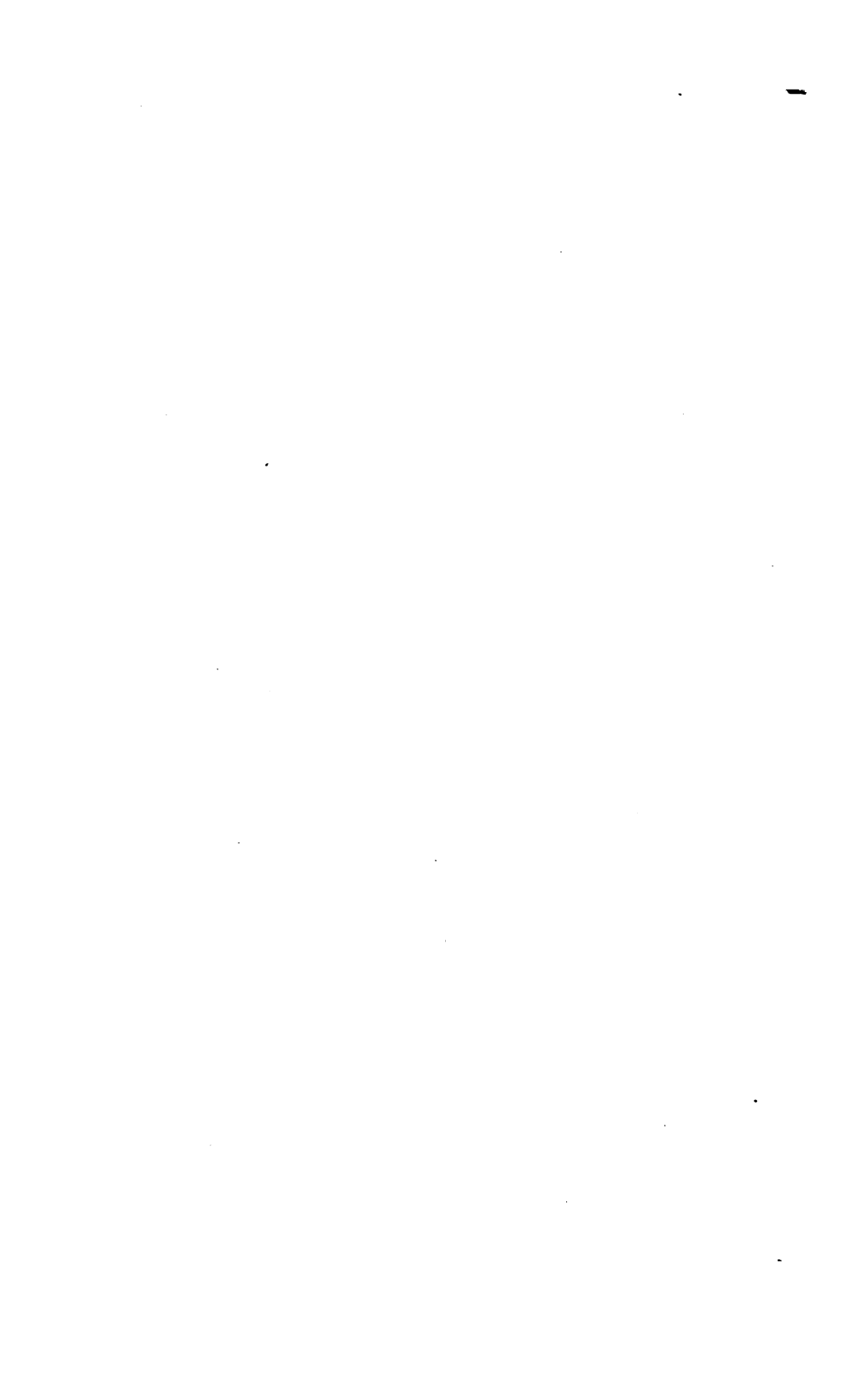
Three color jacket by Everett Shinn

Cloth, 12 mo., Net, 25 Cents.

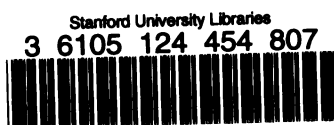
THE ARROW PUBLISHING COMPANY
450 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
NEW YORK











PS
35
A8
4

**Stanford University Libraries
Stanford, California**

Return this book on or before date due.

